SALUTE

15¢ APRIL 1946

First Issue

PRODUCED BY FORMER EDITORS AND WRITERS OF YANK AND STARS & STRIPES

What I Think of the Army BY IRWIN SHAW

About that Bonus
By Max Novack

What the Army has done to Louis and Conn
By Jimmy Cannon

ALSO FEATURES BY

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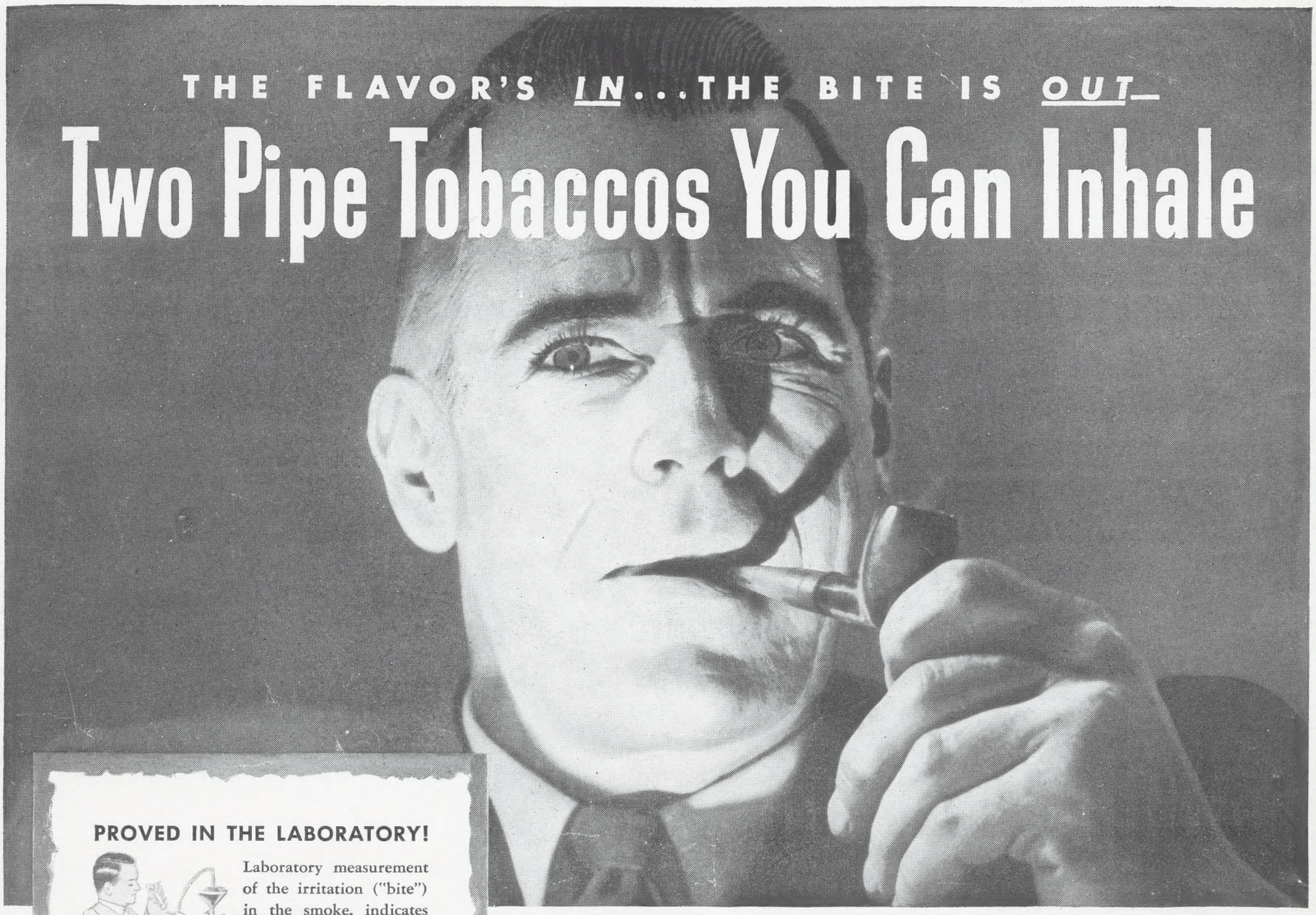

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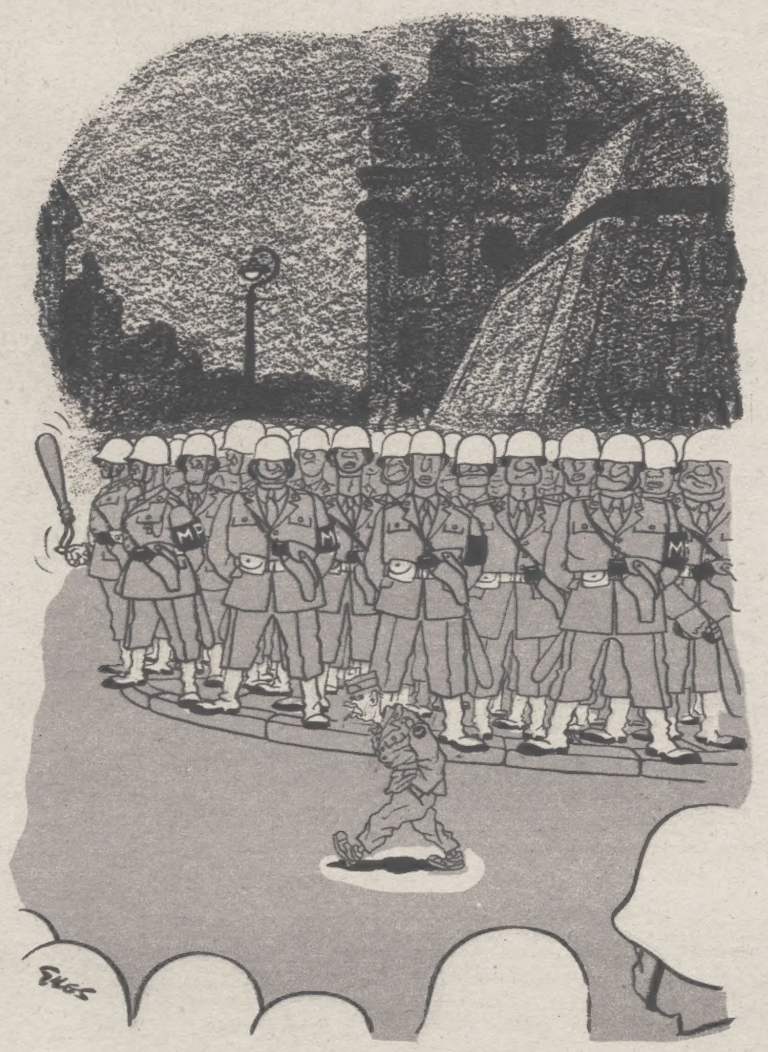
As others saw us...

We are proud to publish for the first time in the U. S. the cartoons of the famous Cockney satirist, Carl Giles, of the London Daily Express. Drawn especially for Salute, they will remind ETO veterans of many cheerful swipes Giles took at GI's when his small island brimmed with olive drab. Like other British cartoonists Giles' GI digs were funny both to the Americans and the cramped natives. We both had our funny bones in the same place.

TEA DANCE AT LADY CABSTANLEIGHS



PICCADILLY CIRCUS: Class B Pass

THE POSTWAR SCENE: *"Budweiser, bud?"*

EAST ANGLIAN SCENE: *"Any gum, chum?"*

SOUVENIR COLLECTING: *"I just picked it up for my room."*

THE HAUNTED CASTLE: *"Hey, pal, when'd the bomb hit this joint?"*

LONDON MIDLAND & SCOTTISH: Is Your Journey Really Necessary?

The company mining village of Force, Pa. First house in foreground is Force Hotel, to right main residential district. On extreme left is Roman Catholic Church.

Dr. Betty Hayes delivered the babies, nursed and doctored the 4,000 people in the valley around Force.

Doctor Betty

By BILL DAVIDSON • PHOTOGRAPHS BY DILL FERRIS

UNTIL A short time ago, the little coal mining village of Force, Pennsylvania, was probably one of the most wretched places of human habitation in the northeastern United States. Yet, paradoxically enough, the village is set down in an isolated valley of such natural, wild beauty that some 10,000 amateur hunters come to Force and vicinity each December 1st, in order to have the best possible scenery as a backdrop for their binges and poker games. The citizens of Force do nicely during this period, incidentally, by selling the carcasses of deer to hung-over hunters to take home to Pittsburgh or New York as evidence of their prowess in the hunt.

One day last year, one of the hunters was caught overnight in Force, so he dropped in on young Angelo Uberti, a husky, personable, 29-year-old miner whom he had met once in nearby DuBois. The Ubertis were fairly well off and the inside of their home was nicely furnished and spotless. But the hunter was appalled at the other things he saw. The house was little more than a shack, built of unpainted weather board in 1918. The cellar was a pool of stagnant water, and the street in front of the house was a mud puddle. Alongside the street was an open ditch in which refuse and human leavings floated. Children played in and about the ditch. It was Force's sewage system.

Angelo Uberti (left) and Rico Guemeritto on "street" in Force. Mrs. Helen Levenduski carries pump water.

Forty years ago Old Doc Hayes began to fight for decent living conditions for the coal miners of Force, Pa. When he died his daughter Betty took up the battle.

When the time came to get rid of the garbage accumulated by the Ubertis during the day, Anna, Angelo's pretty young wife, had to carry it a half mile through the mud to a pit dug by the miners themselves. This was Force's garbage disposal system. Before dinner, Angelo went out to fetch two buckets of water from a nearby well. The well was one of 21 in Force, and like most of the others, it was dug directly beneath the outhouses behind the miners' homes. This was Force's water system. The hunter noticed Anna boiling the water after Angelo brought it back. He also noticed a peculiar odor. "What's that smell from the water?" he asked Angelo. "Don't you know?" said Angelo. He pointed to his three little children—Donald, 4, Yvonne, 3, and Ronald, one month. Then he laughed bitterly. "My kids," he said, "have been brought up on urine."

All this was shocking to the hunter. It seemed impossible that such things could exist in America today. But they did.

The entire town is owned by the Pittsburgh, Shawmut and Northern Railroad. Every man in Force works for the soft coal mines of this company. The company has title to practically everything in town—the houses, the streets, the general store, the water wells—and the company can dictate how and where its employees live.

There was no village government of any kind in Force, and the people had no say in the factors of their existence. In fact, even if they had a mayor and a Department of Health and a village council, they could do nothing to make public improvements, because, again, the only taxpayer in town was the company. And the company claimed that it was broke and had no money to waste on public improvements. It had been in receivership since 1905, a discovery which caused Senator Guffey to get up in Congress and make the understatement of the week. "I think," the Senator said, "that a receivership of this duration constitutes an abuse of our bankruptcy laws."

But a short time ago, after a 40-year struggle, Force suddenly emerged from the Middle Ages. It was a notable triumph of human rights. But especially, it was the triumph of an old man, three years in his grave, and of a woman known to the miners as Dr. Betty.

The old man was Dr. Leo Hayes. Dr. Hayes first came swinging into Force back in 1900 when the railroad builders finally broke through into the isolated, mountain-locked valley. Hayes was a timekeeper for the railroad gangs then. He was a young medical student from Luthersburg, Pa., working his way through college. He looked around the wild, primitive valley, drank in its beauties, and two years later, when he graduated from the Medical and Surgical College in Philadelphia, he came back to the valley to practice.

But young Dr. Hayes soon found out that all

wasn't so beautiful in the valley. After five years of operation, the mining company went into bankruptcy. From that point on, Hayes fought one battle after another with the receivers, who seemed intent on pinching every penny, and, at the same time, keeping the company in receivership. The immigrant miners got to love the quick-witted young Irishman, and soon his name became a by-word in the eleven tiny towns that made up the valley.

For years, the doctor fought for decent schools. There was only one ramshackle building for the entire valley. This was both a grade and a high school, with no vocational training whatsoever. The need was obvious. But two members of the local school board were company men, and the company, as the principal taxpayer, would have to foot the bill, initially, for the new schools. They blocked every proposal the doctor made. After six years of pounding away in meetings and in the newspapers, the doctor took the fight over the heads of the local board. Then the valley got two new schools, with free bus service for all the children of the towns.

THE DOCTOR had the same sort of fight for roads and the installation of a baby clinic. Again he won both battles by appealing over the heads of the local company officials. The State put in the baby clinic, and eventually two roads were built. The new roads actually connected Force and the other towns of the valley with the outside world by automobile for the first time. Until then, there were only Indian trails over the mountains and these were closed shut in wintertime. The second road, the Bucktail Trail from Weedville to Driftwood, was built only after Dr. Hayes dramatically demonstrated its need one night by ordering a Pennsylvania Railroad passenger train backed up into the valley because that was the only way a badly injured man could be removed to a hospital.

The doctor didn't win all his fights with the company, however. Until the day he died, they refused to pave the streets of Force and blocked every attempt of the doctor to get the WPA to do it. They also refused to install a school nurse. Dr. Hayes was the only source of medical care in a 26-mile-long valley whose 4,000 inhabitants were engaged in one of the most dangerous industries in the United States.

These battles deepened the love and respect that the miners and their families felt for old Doc Hayes. The miners held a meeting and unanimously elected the doctor their personal physician under a voluntary health insurance plan. Single men paid 75c a month for this service, and married men paid $1.50 a month. Old Doc Hayes traveled up and down the valley at all hours of the night; he kidded the old folks in their native Italian and Polish tongues, and he played poker with the young folks in the shade of the Catholic Church hall on hot summer afternoons. He taught the immigrant mothers the intricacies of pre-natal care, and he brought the many children of the valley into the world, healthy and squalling. He put his own three boys and three girls through medical school. Then he reached down into his pocket to send at least six miners' sons to college. While he was there, the valley produced eleven physicians, two dentists, two engineers, forty nurses and fifty school teachers. The doctor was responsible for most of these. Wherever you went in the valley, people would say of old Doc Hayes, "The whole valley is his children."

But in 1942, tragedy struck the valley.

The kids of Force, like Donald Uberti and his sister Yvonne played around refuse-filled ditches. "They were brought up on urine," the kids' father said.

The doctor dropped a lump of coal on his foot. A streptococcus infection set in, and three days later it had reached his brain. Before he lost consciousness, Old Doc Hayes managed to mumble to his son Vincent, a Philadelphia surgeon, "I hope you children won't forget you were educated by the people of this valley. I hope one of you stays on until the people get permanent medical aid." A few hours later, Old Doc Hayes was dead. The valley never saw such a funeral. The people went into mourning, as if Old Doc Hayes were a member of their own families.

All of Old Doc Hayes' sons and daughters, except one, had families and were practicing medicine in Eastern cities. The exception was the youngest daughter, Betty. Blonde, attractive, 30-year-old Betty was unmarried and she had a streak of her father in her. At the time of his death, she was a resident physician at a St. Anthony, Newfoundland hospital. Part of her duty there consisted of making airplane and dogsled trips into the remote wilderness of Labrador and Newfoundland to take care of emergency cases among the natives. Vincent cabled Betty to come back and take over Old Doc Hayes' practice. She grabbed the first plane headed south, as soon as the cable reached her.

Betty arrived in Force tired and shocked and bewildered. She was even more shocked two days later when she received a message from John D. Dickson, receiver of the company. "Do not plan to stay," the message said. "We are going to put an osteopath in here as the company physician." When the miners heard this, a roar of indignation welled up from the valley. Almost immediately the men called a meeting. At the meeting they held an election to decide just who was going to be their doctor. Betty got 350 votes; the osteopath got none. Since the miners were paying for their medical care themselves, the company had to accept the results of the election.

Betty moved into the frame house that had served her father as office and residence. She tried to take up where he left off. It was a tremendously difficult job for her at first. Covering 26 miles of valley and 4,000 people is tough physically even for a full-grown man. And Dr. Betty weighed 112 pounds wringing wet. Several times, in the beginning, she received calls in the middle of the night. She drove over the dark, treacherous roads only to find nothing wrong when she arrived. A few young practical jokers thought it was a lot of fun chasing an attractive girl around. Blazing-eyed, Betty called a meeting of the miners. "If that ever happens again," she said, "my fee is five dollars, collectible on the spot." When she finished, Big Bill Agosti, one of the leaders of the miners, lumbered to his feet. "If it ever happens again," he said, "*my* fee is a busted jaw for the guy—also collectible on the spot." It never happened again.

After the Company evicted Dr. Betty from her offices, she moved to the home of Martha and Henry Agosto. Patients here wait for the doctor in parlor used as a waiting room.

BETTY DELIVERED the babies, mended the cuts and cured the colds, and soon the miners began to love her in the way they had loved her father. She became sick every time she walked in the village and saw how these people lived —the overflowing outhouses, the mud puddle streets, the uncollected garbage, the children playing poker because there were no recreation facilities for them, the grim old company store known to the people as the "Rob Shop." There were a lot of stories connected with the "Rob Shop", notably the case of a family that went into debt to the store for $300 and then didn't collect a single pay check from the company for fifteen years of work. Now, happily, Federal legislation had put a stop to that sort of thing, and OPA ceilings had pulled down the "Rob Shop's" astronomical prices, and the union had rented its hall to old Charlie De Lullo to run a competing store. But some families still were in debt to the company store and had to buy there.

It wasn't long before Dr. Betty ran head on into the company, just as her father had. One street in Force was so muddy that it constituted a menace to the people who lived there. Dr. Betty tried to drive through this street with an ambulance on an emergency case once, and the ambulance went in up to its fenders. There was plenty of red dog (waste slate from the mines) to use as paving material, and the miners were willing to contribute the labor. All they needed was the use of a company truck to haul the red dog. The men even were willing to

(*Continued on page* 46)

AMERICANA

ON ROUTE 83 When ex-Sgt. Bob Greenhalgh was in the Pacific doing combat sketches for YANK one place back home he dreamt about was Hokemeyer's General Store, near Libertyville, Ill. Bob's folks had a cabin up the road, and Hokemeyer's was the favorite hangout.

BOONVILLE, IND. This is the town square of Boonville, Ind. Dave. Shaw, former YANK artist in Italy, made the sketch about four o'clock on a winter afternoon. The court house on the right dominates the square. Street on lower right is West Main, where Shaw lives.

What I think of the Army

The public relations boys broadcast the many good things about our Army a long time ago, and now is the time to pass a little of the vinegar.

By IRWIN SHAW • DRAWING BY WILLIAM BALLANTINE

ANYTHING anybody says about the Army is pretty nearly true. You can say that the Army is fair and unjust, cruel and gentle, democratic and fascist, competent and ludicrously inefficient, good and bad, and you would not be wrong. During the war the Army was a fascinating mess. You could look into it and find anything you wanted—and a lot of things you didn't want.

There has been one change of momentous importance in the Army since the end of the war—I am no longer in it. I admit that this may not seem as momentous to Dwight D. Eisenhower as it does to me, but the duck in the lapel makes a man see the War Department in a new and franker light.

During the war I overheard some fairly strong criticism of the Army and in moments of despair, which recur with the regularity of dawn when you are in uniform, I expressed myself with some vigor. But the expressing was done quietly, to good friends, and with several uneasy backward glances to make sure nobody above the rank of corporal was within hearing distance. As for writing anything that might be construed as hinting that I did not think the Army was anything but a jolly bunch of clear-eyed boys living a clean, happy outdoor life under the supervision of kindly, fatherly superiors—I almost always sternly resisted that temptation. The American Army has many wonderful things to recommend it, but free speech is definitely not one of them. Every time you open your mouth in the Army you feel the entire weight of 9,000 colonels hanging onto the tip of your tongue, transfers to an infantry replacement depot signed and ready in their pockets. Even now, safely out for more than a couple of months, I just went and looked at my discharge to make sure, before committing myself one way or another in this article.

In a general way, that prohibition is the most infuriating about the Army. The possibilities of shooting your mouth off in the interests of justice are slim and by the time you've been in about a year a feeling of semi-permanent strangulation sets in. The inviolability of the superior officer, his exemption from public criticism, so contrary to all the habits of American life, made being in the Army a kind of prolonged, distasteful visit into a feudal country, ruled over by the Theory of the Divine Right of Lieutenants. "Ah, Jefferson, ah, Lincoln," I have wailed in my inner soul during the long years, as I listened to some barred or eagled idiot. "Ah, Roosevelt, why have you deserted me?"

The Army has made a natural human mistake. For long periods between wars, it has been the ragged, scorned football of the civilians; as a result, during war, with the life of the country in its hands, and unlimited authority suddenly thrust upon it, it has wrought

"Ah, Jefferson, ah Lincoln," he wailed in his inner soul during the long years.

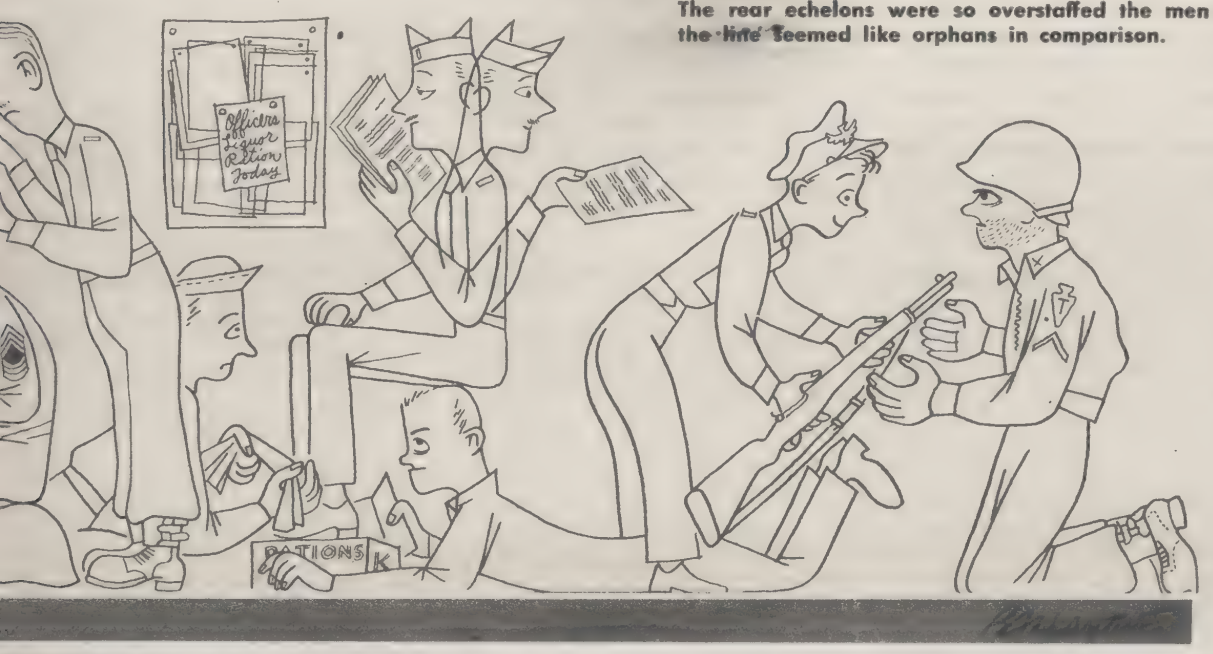
its vengeance on the indolent, easy-going, outspoken citizens who fell into its power. Authority, we have been told so often, breeds tyranny; and the Army, as if determined to prove that all platitudes are the revealed word of truth, has put the dagger into the civilian back right up to the hilt.

I say this, knowing that by comparison with other armies, the American Army was the freeest, most just and democratic in the world. I had occasion during the war to observe the British, the French, and the Polish armies, and when I was suffering under the ignorance and vanity of some empty-headed clerk who had somehow fooled the OCS board, I closed my eyes and thought of what it would be like to be a lance-corporal in the British Army or an automatic rifleman with the Poles, and sang "God Bless America," low and fervently.

STILL, RATHER than our Army's having a salutary influence on other armies—it was the others who sowed the seeds of corruption in ours. Nothing, for example, is capable of changing the British Army. It was brave, tenacious, hard to beat, furiously aristocratic, rough on the Other Ranks, at Agincourt, and it was exactly the same on the Rhine. In Cairo, where a half dozen armies rubbed shoulders, the effect on our Army of contact with the haughty representatives of the King was woeful. The British have a wide variety of types within the Commonwealth. The best ones, the most charming, the most witty, pleasant, and intelligent, they send to Washington. The worst ones they send to Cairo. Red-faced, gin-eyed, wide-bottomed, they sit on the banks of the Nile, superior, empty, living monuments to the White Man's Burden. In this past war for the salvation of the world, the British in Cairo sought to usher in the Century of the Common Man by keeping him out of the bar in Shepheard's Hotel.

It would be pleasant to report that when the United States entered the war, a flood of fresh-faced, eager-eyed defenders of the rights of man swept through the smelly streets of the Egyptian capital and a new era of liberty and fellow-feeling dawned in the Middle East. But it worked the other way 'round. The rock of Britain stood firm in the desert. The breezy democrats from the New World bought swagger sticks, bush jackets, desert boots, happily tacked up the Out of Bounds to Other Ranks signs over their favorite bars, and drank deep of the heady wine of colonial superiority.

In these small, social ways, the stratification of the Army, and the resulting stifling of criticism, is more irritating than important.



The rear echelons were so overstaffed the men in the line seemed like orphans in comparison.

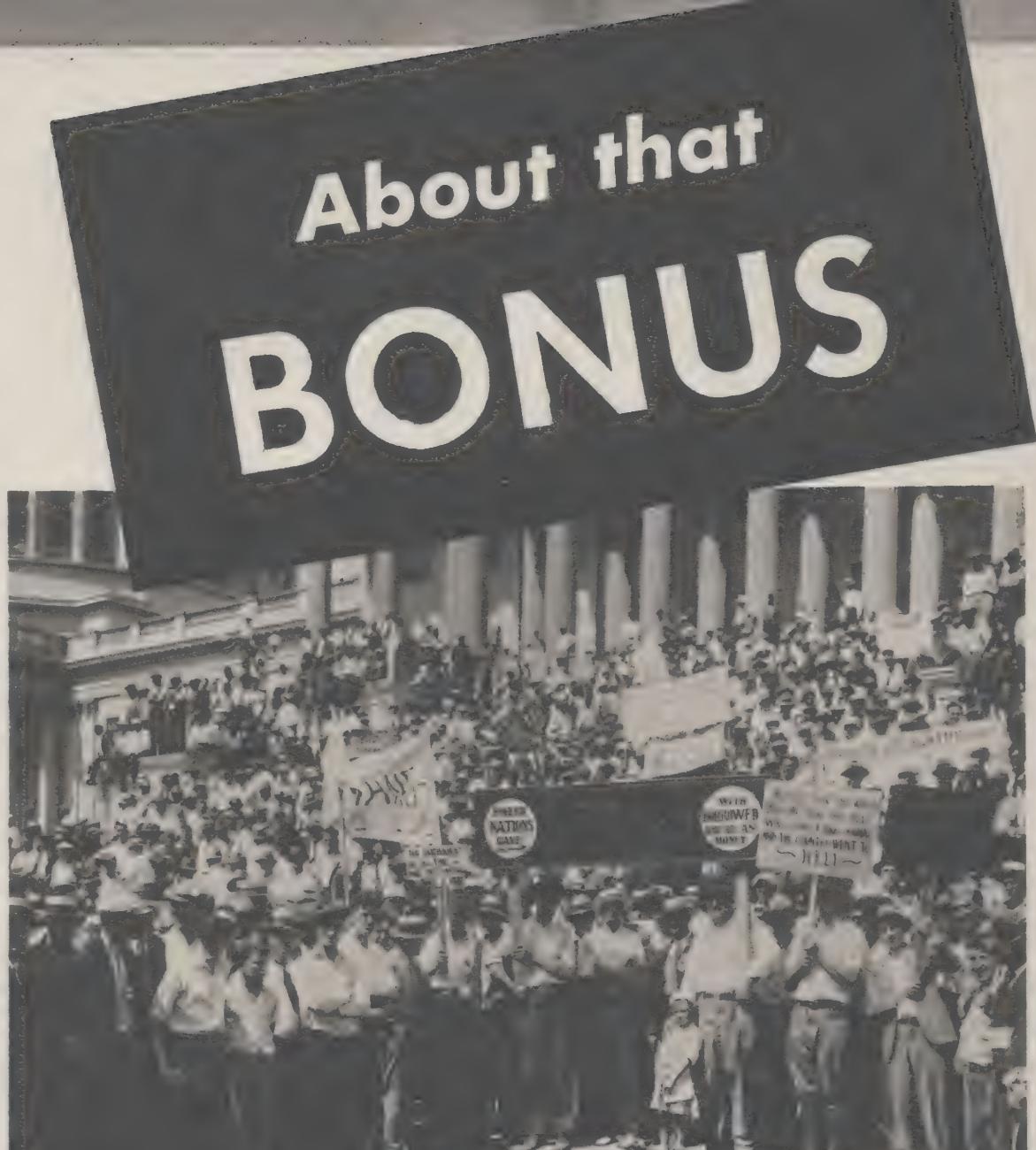
But at other times, with the lives of men at stake, the cost of the system is too high for whatever advantages it brings. Commanders can blunder and the officers and men serving under them dare not point the blunder out while it is being committed, and have no real means of making it public and preventing it from happening again after it has been committed. If one read the daily accounts of the war while it was going on, one got the impression that the American Army was that paragon in history — an organization that fought a long, murderous war without mistakes. Only huge disasters that could not by any means be hidden, such as the debacle at Kasserine Pass and the German counter-attack in the Ardennes, were finally, reluctantly, presented to the American people as possibly the result of error. And, in each instance, G2 was given a general, rather anonymous spanking, and there the matter rested.

This fairy tale of an Army that fought impeccably, except in these two special instances, was foisted upon America. There were men, in the Army and out who were able to see the errors, some inevitable, that are the natural movements of a great army. But because the system of military command almost automatically protects with an iron wall of praise and silence the commanders who are well-placed, they continue at their jobs, for good or ill, until they are killed or retired, or somehow incur the displeasure of someone of power.

THE WHOLE picture of the war that the Army permitted the public to see did a disservice to the men who fought it by widening the breach between the soldier and the person at home to an alarming size. For a long time after Pearl Harbor the Army tried to present the war as a kind of strenuous game, in which no one was really badly hurt and in which our weapons were superlatively better than any in the hands of our enemies. The soldier was pictured as eating heavily, three times a day of such delicacies, robbed from the civilian table, as sirloin steaks and giant asparagus. The horror and misery of fighting were severely avoided and the men at the front could not help but be affected by what seemed to them a wanton civilian disregard for their sacrifices. This came about from a curious, almost commercial, feeling on the part of high Army officers, rather like the feeling of manufacturers of motor cars and refrigerators, that their product must always be presented to the public in the best possible light. The war, to a certain extent, was the product that the Army felt it had to sell the public, and this miscalculation of the strength and honesty of the American people led to the horrible Rover boy, cheer-leading accounts of campaigns (*Please turn to page 30*)

About that BONUS

By MAX NOVACK



Men of "Bonus Army" of World War I vets gather in front of Capitol in Washington, July 2, 1932. Banners indicate how they felt about that bonus.

WORLD WAR II veterans want a bonus. The odds are a hundred to one that they'll get one.

In Congressional circles it is a foregone conclusion that bonus legislation of one kind or another will be sent to the President before the November elections. Nevertheless every bonus bill introduced during the last few years has completely missed the boat in some way.

Most of the bills have suffered from a pie-in-the-sky approach that marks them as smart politics. Generally, these bills are inflationary, discriminatory or merely impracticable. Not one of the bills in my opinion, has been tailored for the real needs of the GI civilian.

One, a favorite with demagogues, would pay as much as $4,500 to at least fifty percent of the veterans, with the rest being neatly taken care of at $2,000 or $3,000 apiece, depending on the length of service. This bill would pay veterans three dollars a day for each day of service in the States plus an additional dollar a day for every day of service overseas. Thus, a man with three years of service, two of them overseas, would receive $4,015. Purple Heart veterans would be able to add $500 for their wounds. The maximum which any overseas veteran may receive, however, is $4,500, regardless of his length of service. (See DeWitt Gilpin's story on pages 28 and 29 of this issue, telling of some labor unions' proposals.)

This wholesale raid on the Treasury, whose total cost no one has dared estimate, would undoubtedly result in the worst period of inflation the United States has ever experienced. Fear of inflation appears to be utterly meaningless to the "nothing is too good for the boys" school of politics.

A second type of legislation which is equally bad would authorize one year's service pay to every person honorably discharged from the Armed Forces. The only limitation on this payment would apply to persons with less than one year of service. In those cases the veterans would obtain an amount of pay comparable with the period of time served.

This type of legislation is plainly discriminatory in that it would fatten the purses of those who need help least. For example, a veteran who had been a major would receive more than $5,000 while an ex-private would get just $600. The author of that bill obviously overlooked the fact that the ex-major could hardly be in financial need as a result of his military service while the ex-private undoubtedly would require financial help. Nor did he give consideration to the fact that the former major already would have received a substantial amount of money in the form of terminal pay upon his release from service. All officers receive such pay on the basis of thirty days leave for each year of service up to a maximum of 120 days of accumulated leave. For ex-officers this amounts to a bonus of from two to four months of pay on release from service. Non-officers receive no such pay and the ex-private would have only his mustering-out pay to fall back on.

This same bill also would penalize veterans who have been unemployed since their discharge, by deducting any benefits derived under the unemployment compensation provisions of the GI Bill of Rights from the year's pay. Again, those who need help most would get the very least aid.

STILL ANOTHER type of legislation which is even more impracticable is contained in a bill which would pay dischargees twenty dollars a week for a full year after discharge. This bill does not take into consideration length of service beyond requiring a veteran to have served ninety days in order to receive the full $1,040. This bill also fails to provide for those who are most in need of help by ignoring service income or actual need.

Basically, all of the bills discussed suffer from the fact that they are merely politically expedient. Not one appears to have been carefully thought out with the greatest good of the greatest number in mind.

As a general rule a bonus cannot compensate for the real losses which must have been suffered by any man who has served from two to four years. Nor should a bonus be paid as a reward for serving one's country in time of war.

The basis for such payments should be the welfare of the nation and the economic need of the persons who are to receive the bonus. Those who suffered the least financial hardship should receive the least help. Since it is impossible to measure each man's economic hardship as the result of his military service, certain assumptions must be made.

The first is that those who served as officers of high rank cannot be said to have suffered great economic loss because of their military service. Such losses must be measured by their ordinary needs and the needs of their families. They should not be measured by what any man might have earned during a period of unusually high incomes. It can hardly be said that the family of a major, a lieutenant colonel, or colonel incurred financial hardships when their total military income ranged between $5,000 and $7,000 a year.

For that reason veterans who served as officers above the grade of captain in the Army or lieutenant senior grade in the Navy should not receive any bonus payments. While there are those who will protest that this will mean penalizing some men simply because they reached high positions in the Armed Forces, the answer is obvious.

ANY BONUS which may be voted should not be intended as a reward for serving one's country, but only as a means of helping the veteran return to economic security as rapidly as possible. Congress recognized the fact that certain officers received such high pay that they needed no further compensation when it enacted the Mustering-Out Pay Law. At that time, Congress set up the principle that no one over the rank of captain in the Army or lieutenant senior grade in the Navy should receive mustering-out pay. That standard appears to be a fair one and one which might well be followed in enacting future bonus legislation.

A GI legal expert gives the lowdown

Those who are entrusted with the task of legislating for the veterans of this war might well profit by the experience of the veterans of our other wars before rushing into hastily or emotionally conceived legislation.

The pressure of large groups or segments of our population who can refer to themselves as veterans or the families of veterans will of course play a large part in determining the action of Congress. After many of our past wars it was possible, even if it was unwise, to group veterans as a minority to whom politicians had to kow-tow. Generally, politicians maintained the fiction that veterans' benefits could be paid out of some nebulous kitty that would not cost anybody any money.

Experts point out that before the occupation of Germany and Japan is completed, veterans of World War II will probably number 15,000,000 men and women. This will of necessity mean that the veterans will be almost one-tenth of the total population of the United States and that in the next decade veterans of World War II will therefore carry the load of their own benefits out of their earnings and taxes. Passing the buck on the cost of a bonus just will not work this time. Many veterans might well remember that before they go all out for one bill or another, they and they alone will foot the cost no matter what they may be told.

It will be remembered that the veterans of the last war were paid a bonus in the form of adjusted service certificates and that it took them eighteen years after the Armistice before they could get their hands on any cash.

Upon discharge, World War I veterans received sixty dollars as contrasted with the present mustering-out pay of from two hundred to three hundred dollars. While some veterans' groups made a valiant effort to put over a bonus as a means of building their organizations, legislation providing for the adjusted service certificates was not passed until 1924. From that date until 1936 repeated efforts were made to turn the certificates into immediate cash but every victory in Congress was set aside by a presidential veto. The final victory came in 1936 when a last presidential veto by the late President Roosevelt was overridden by both houses of Congress.

The World War I bonus, which was neatly disguised in the then newly discovered terminology, "adjusted compensation", called for payment of a dollar a day for each day of service plus an additional 25 cents a day for every day overseas. Historians are in some dispute as to the percentage of veterans of that war who actually wanted a bonus. Some claim that a majority of the 4,000,000 who served between April 6, 1917, and the Armistice favored the bonus, others contend that the bonus was largely the result of Legion lobbying which made it appear as if an overwhelming number of veterans supported the bill.

A minority of veterans, however, did fight the bonus during its entire Congressional history and some even refused to cash their certificates. Some Legion posts went as far as to refuse to support the pro-bonus lobby and turned their fire on the Legion for "selling patriotism." In theory, the bonus certificates were supposed to pay off in 1945 but for the most part veterans took advantage of the 1936 legislation to cash their certificates while the depression was at its lowest point.

WHILE SOME World War I veterans knew what to expect when they doffed the uniform, few were prepared for the conditions they found. The fact that butter and eggs had doubled in price was not the only surprise they encountered. Even more important was the increased price of men's clothing. Then, as now, most veterans found it impossible to wear their old civvies because of the physical changes as a result of life in the service. The price of a new suit in 1919 ranged from 35 to ninety dollars. Before the war the average man's suit sold from fifteen to 25 dollars.

With only sixty dollars in discharge pay the veteran was in no position to buy even part of a wardrobe. Many an ex-doughboy dyed his old Army overcoat blue, attached a cheap fur collar and tried to pretend that he had bought a new coat. Others, even harder hit by the lack of ready cash, made no pretense and wore their khaki uniforms on their jobs.

As if that were not enough, Federal controls were taken off food prices and the cost of living by 1920 rose to 170 percent above pre-war prices. Many veterans never recovered from the economic dislocation that followed.

Only the unusual period of high earnings and inflated values that kept the stock market at artificial levels during the late '20s kept the plight of many veterans from becoming a national scandal. When the bubble burst in '29 the position of the veteran became more obvious.

Even then many would not have fought for an earlier payoff on their bonus certificates if the depression had not forced them into such action. However, when the certificates were cashed many a veteran-turned-little-businessman was saved from bankruptcy. Thus, in the long run the eighteen-year period which elapsed between the end of World War I and the actual pay-off on the bonus proved to be a good thing for many a veteran.

Others might, of course, never have come so close to economic disaster if the bonus had been paid at an earlier date. Some might even have been saved from selling apples on street corners by an earlier payoff. Unfortunately, however, the World War I bonus had not been carefully planned and had been pushed through Congress without much attention to the real needs of the veteran-turned-citizen.

World War II veterans want no repetition of the mistakes of the past. They know how quickly Congress may be stampeded into "taking care of the boys." Especially when the "boys" number nearly 15,000,000. The impact of that many votes is enough to give even the most careful legislator the shakes. And that is just what must be avoided.

Congress must be careful to weigh the reasons why the new veteran *wants* and *needs* a bonus before rushing into hasty legislation which may unhinge our national economy.

The whys of the bonus desire are easiest to explain. As an ex-staff sergeant with three years of service in Africa, Sicily, and Italy put it "A bonus is the least a grateful government can do for those who sacrificed that it might be preserved. It will take time for most of us to adjust to civilian life. That time will require some kind of financial aid. That help must be forthcoming as quickly as possible lest we veterans get so far into debt that we can never recover from the impact of this war."

Naturally, no one wants to see the veterans sink into the morass of debt or despair. However, we must not kid ourselves into thinking that just because we do not have long lines of unemployed the veteran is all set as a civilian. The answer to the veterans' problem is not that simple.

JOBS ARE of first importance. But, by themselves, they cannot insure the veteran's present or future. The average earnings of the veteran cannot be sufficiently high to provide him and his family with all the basic needs after two to four years of life on an Army income.

Most veterans have found that their families have accumulated substantial debts while they have been in service. Some have prewar debts which must be paid off within a few months after discharge. A good many others owe hundreds of dollars for taxes on pre-military incomes. The tax debts, too, must be paid off within a few months after discharge.

When these debts are added to the veteran's needs for civilian clothing his desire for more ready cash becomes obvious. But that is not all. The needs of the veteran's family also must be considered.

There are those, of course, who will say that the veteran should use his mustering-out pay of $200 or $300 to

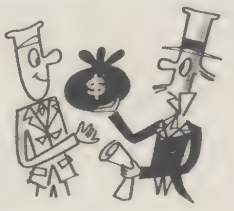
(*Continued on page 44*)

HERE ARE BASIC PROVISIONS AUTHOR OF ARTICLE RECOMMENDS FOR SOUND BONUS LAW

1 Pay every World War II veteran one dollar a day for every day of service between September 16, 1940 and end of national emergency as declared by the President.

2 Pay every overseas veteran an additional 25¢ a day for each day of overseas service between September 16, 1940 and the official end of the national emergency period.

3 Pay an equal amount, dependent upon length of time spent in the service, to the widow or orphan or dependent of every man killed in action during the official national emergency.



4 Make all payments of $500 or less in a lump sum immediately upon passage of the law. All additional amounts to be paid in $100 installments at regular thirty-day intervals.

5 No bonus payments to be made for any period of service in the grade of major, lieutenant colonel, colonel or general or equal grades in the Navy, Coast Guard or Marines.

on World War II bonus legislation.

After leaving his ship at a Jersey City pier, George and Anne head for home. George, who is only 27, plans to apply for his master license in a year.

Anne and George take in the sheer beauty of Manhattan's skyline from the Liberty Street ferry. There is no bomb damage to mar the scenery.

She Found a Home in Brooklyn

DESPITE CRITICAL HOUSING SHORTAGE, BRITISH WAR BRIDE GETS OFF TO GOOD START IN U. S.

George, who is chief mate aboard the M/V Cape IGVAK, explains to Anne the complexities of a gyrocompass.

George settles down to read the comics. Anne was surprised at the extraordinary number printed here.

NOEL COWARD notwithstanding, the former Ann Davies of Manchester, England, likes living in Brooklyn, U. S. A. A British war bride, Ann met her husband George D. Butler in a Liverpool post office. At that time, Ann was a teletype operator in the WAAFs and George had just made his first trip to England as a cadet in the merchant marine. They were married one year later. Getting accustomed to a strange land and strange people (at least that is what the British people thought after meeting American soldiers for the first time) is a difficult task for any young bride, but Mrs. Butler appears to be managing nicely enough as these pictures by Werner Wolff, *Salute's* photographer, show. Ann lived with her mother-in-law for three months after arriving by Clipper in April 1945. One day she went walking and saw an apartment that had just been vacated. That's how Anne found a home in Brooklyn. It is not going to be as easy as that for the others. Almost 100,000 GIs married British girls while they were in England. Some of these brides may run into antagonism from their in-laws and a certain amount of anti-British feeling in their communities. But the big thing is that they will be in America, and in comparison with other countries, America is still the fabled land of plenty and promise.

Bringing up a baby is much easier in America than in England. Anne does not have to worry about food and clothing like most British mothers. George demonstrates he has not forgotten how to tie knots.

Nothing like some motherly advice. Anne watches carefully as her mother-in-law Mrs. Margaret Butler, gives her a few pointers on American cooking.

Anne misses her parents. She sends them packages regularly. Foodstuffs are a welcome item and Mrs. Butler helps her get another one off.

Anne still regards tea balls with some distrust. After all, the British do know how to brew tea and they would never think of putting tea in a cotton bag and then dunk the bag in a cup filled with hot water.

David was born last October. Anne thinks America is going to be a wonderful place to raise her son.

Anne likes to shop at her neighborhood store. She doesn't have to worry about queuing up any longer.

Food was very scarce in England during the war. Anne can't get over all the plentiful food we have.

Anne has a good time at the Automat. Not quite like Lyons Corner House in London, but it will do.

Like all American girls, Anne loves ice cream. Unable to get any in England, she now has it often. She and George rarely pass up any ice cream parlor.

For relaxation, Anne has tea with two other British brides at their club room at the English Speaking Union, an organization which helps overseas wives.

In dingy bars you find trumpeters, midgets, poets, fourth rate actresses and ballerinas.

IT MUST BE THE CLIMATE

By **BILL HOGAN** • DRAWING BY DAVID SHAW

HOLLYWOOD is still Hollywood, but you wonder if it's the same place you talked about with other former Californians, nostalgically, during those years overseas. The palm trees are still there. The only difference is that you're liable to find midgets living in them, sliding down ropes in the morning on their way to check with their agents.

Like any other city there is a housing shortage here which the newspapers treat as an act of God, such as a major earthquake, or a tidal wave. The trailer parks are jammed, and floating workers just can't get in. Hotels, motels, autotels, drive-in courts are out of the question. If you're lucky, a black market chicken coop ten minutes from Vine Street can be snapped up at forty dollars a month, a bargain. Shock troops of city fathers continually beseige the Army and Navy to release building materials in the area, and are pressing for barracks in which to house the stranded.

Newspapers are solid with human interest items concerning ex-servicemen and their infants erecting puptents in Pershing Square, of emergency relief personnel throwing up their hands in desperation and weeping into their files.

Everybody's heading for Los Angeles. Troopships are unloading huge numbers onto the shore from the Pacific. In regiment strength, ex-soldiers, who liked those orange grove bivouacs early in the war, are back with an eye to settling on chicken ranches at the foot of the Sierra Madre. Families of servicemen who might or might not be due from the Pacific are piling up on the hundreds of thousands who migrated to shipyards and aircraft factories and other war plants and who now refuse to leave.

It must be the climate, is the immediate explanation. Late in 1945 Malibu Beach was thronged with former war workers living off their savings and the state unemployment checks. It's nicer there, they say, than in the Arkansas snow this time of year.

The floating population has moved in with the aged who before the war came to southern California to die, and then didn't. They stay because the glass brick glistens around the nutberger stalls in a style never imagined in Missouri; they hang on because of the kleig lights in the boulevards on nights of film pree-meers, or at the inauguration of svelte delicatessens.

A news items boasts there will be seven million people in Los Angeles within five years. There are two and a half million people there now. Driving the overflowing east-west boulevards is worth your life, or at least a limb now and then. Every other car seems minus a fender, a door, a running board. It slams past with shattered glass in the frames. Traffic deaths have zoomed. Victims are hauled away to pressure-advertised "cut rate mortuaries," but this, outwardly, has no effect on the lack of living space. There are just too many people in Los Angeles today.

Long noted for its screwball thought cults, electric religions, crackpot pension schemes and so on, southern California had a chance recently again to examine its gullibility when one of the sect fuehrers, better known as "The Voice" (not the singer), collided with the Federal courts. The Voice was proprietor of only one phony hierarchy in a vicinity swarming with health juice revivalists, mystic queens, yogis, swamis, theosophics and other backyard hawkers of the hidden life.

The Voice's error was going also into the hardware business, training college business, hotel, dairy, ranch, redwood sawmill and laundry games as well as operating beach clubs and "other properties" without letting the income tax gentry in on much of it. The Voice and his fellow shepherds had a slave labor plan whereby the local faithful foreswore all worldly goods to work mostly for free in The Voice's sweatshops out of which he mulcted income enough to support a string of Hollywood mansions.

NOT ALL "religions" here are out and out rackets, but most are at least weird, as display advertised in the Saturday newspapers. Many of the mystics are radio orators as well, some with their own propaganda outlets in the neon-fringed temples. Thought life as uncovered by turbaned swamis in Singkiang and now sold on Olympic Boulevard is overly plentiful. The advertised sermons contain these titles: "Labor Unions and the Atom Bomb;" "The Atomic Bomb's Repercussions in Your Thought Life;" "Jesus Split the Atom First," and other topical soul salve. Aimee Semple MacPherson, in the loudest days of her Angelus Temple, was a religious conservative compared with these later neighborhood heavens.

In the midst of this is Hollywood, which is an exaggeration and confusion in the best of times. There is monstrous luxury, and boom town squalor. There are jobs for all, but in the specialized film categories (writers, for instance), there is shabby unemployment; and the unemployment is made up of hanging around, waiting for something to turn up. There is very little

(Please turn to page 50)

Everybody's heading for Los Angeles and there is no indication they want to leave. Hollywood hasn't changed either. It's still a sprawling mess of towns where the happiest people are the midgets who live in trees.

Case No. 1

You drive your Hispano-Bugatti into a gas station and note with surprise that the six ranking officers of your old regiment have pooled their terminal leave pay to buy the place. How should you tip them? According to rank? Yes. Give the ex-colonel a quarter, the ex-lieutenant colonel twenty cents, and so on, down to the ex-lieutenant, who gets a nickel.

Case No. 2

After four years as a T/5 you are back at your old job of police court magistrate. Patrolmen McCarthy and Flannery bring in the ex-lieutenant of MPs who once threw you in the can for not saluting a Wren leftenant in London. The ex-lieutenant has been found with $2.73 in counterfeit pennies in a penny arcade. Send him promptly back to reform school.

Ex-Sgt. RALPH STEIN tells you

How to treat your old officers

Case No. 3

You recognize the bus-boy in a restaurant as your old major. You are tempted to act as in the left hand diagram. This would be reckless. It would be safer to leave him a small tip. (Right hand diagram.)
Remember, he might be your major in the *next* war.

Adolph Stein

Case No. 4

You are back being a high-powered executive again, when you discover that your personnel manager has hired a jerk who still insists on being called "Colonel." Never let him talk to you except through channels. First to the office boy, then to your secretary. You, of course, never see him at all. ,

Case No. 5

You're a subway guard again. You see the commanding officer of the outfit that loaded you into those LST's at Naples, trying to board a Bronx express. There's no sense in harboring old grudges. Help him into the train in your usual courtly manner.

Case No. 6

It's your first day on your new job. The office manager starts to introduce you to the big boss. You recognize him as your old colonel. He recognizes you. You QUIT.

EDUCATED COPS

Some people say the trouble with today's cops is they are too educated. In the old days a fellow joined the force to keep out of jail.

By HYMAN GOLDBERG
DRAWING BY TOM FLANNERY

THERE HAS BEEN a lot of speculation for some time now among editorial writers, bartenders and barbers and other deep thinkers about what is causing our current crime wave in New York. And these savants have come up with such answers as 1) the return of the rough soldiery who have been trained to kill and maim; 2) a lost generation of teen-agers who don't know any better, and, 3) the present shortage of cops. That is a crock of nonsense.

The real reason that lawlessness is increasing is that cops nowadays are too highly educated and don't know any more about crooks than what they read in Dick Tracy. For the last ten years or more there have been stories in the newspapers about how hard the mental examinations for new policemen are getting and how the higher pay is attracting a more educated class of men. In every group of rookies accepted by the New York City Police Department there are a number of men who have been graduated from one college or another and some of them have been known to be Masters of Arts. Now, I ask you. What would a Master of Arts know about what the boys in the pool rooms and gin mills are up to?

Crime waves need cops like my old friend, whom I may as well call Chuck O'Shiel, because that isn't his real name. Chuck, before he retired from the cops, was in the Main Office Squad which he called the Main Orifice Squad, where the best detectives are assigned. Chuck didn't go to college. He went to the school of hard knocks, and his face showed it.

I asked him one day why he became a cop. Did he have a burning desire to spend his life righting wrongs? Did he have an implacable hatred for lawbreakers?

Chuck laughed. "Where I was brought up," he said, "it was a toss-up if a kid would get to be a fireman or a cop and be a protector of the innocent and weak, or else land in the can for some boyish prank like using a shiv or a cannon. It was a fifty-fifty chance. Evvybody on Twelfth Avenoo was tough and nobody could figure out why one guy would join the cops and another kid who'd been brought up the same way would turn out to be a crook. I can't speak for anybody else, but I'll tell you why I got to be a cop."

There was a faraway look in Detective O'Shiel's eyes. "When I was a kid," he said, "there was none of this stuff about a cop being a kid's best friend and goin' on picnics with them. The cop on the beat was a guy you hadda watch out for. When I was playin' in the street with a ball I hadda keep one eye out for the cop because if he sneaked up he'd grab the ball and most likely gimme a boot in the tail. The cop was always chasin' kids and bootin' them. Then later, when I suddenly discovered that girls were altogether different from boys an' I got to hangin' out onna corner or near the candy store watchin' them go by, the cops would chase me away and gimme a smack with the stick just for luck.

"After a while I got my working papers an' I put on long pants an' I was grown up. So instead of gettin' a boot in the tail or a fanning with the stick the cop on the post would come to me an' say, 'Aha, you're a big guy, now, huh?' an' he'd gimme a smack on the puss an' chase me. There we'd be, four or five of us standin' on the corner an' a pie wagon would pull up from which half a dozen coppers would pile out an' grab us.

"'Waddaya doin' hangin' out onna street corner?' they'd ask us. 'Why ain'tcha out workin' onna job someplace, huh?' Then they'd take our pedigree an' they'd give us a clip on the jaw or a bat on the head an' warn us to stay offa the streets."

Detective O'Shiel laughed. "So we would stay offa the streets. We would go hangin' out inna pool room or inna saloon. But that didn't keep them coppers away. They'd come inna saloon after us. They'd line us up against the wall an' ask all kindsa questions about where was you on suchansucha date an' even if you din't get smart with them an' give them a flip answer they'd give you a belt just for luck. An' evvy once inna while they'd give us a ride down to the station house to give us a goin' over when one of the neighbors' children got hisself knocked off or there was a little stick-up or some such job.

"After a while I got kinda fed up with all this bangin' around from the cops, so I gets myself a job an' I figure now I am employed them cops are gonna leave me alone. But they don't. After work I would wanna see my pals an' the oney place to meet them was in the gin mill or inna pool room. I was inna pool hall one night when the cops came in. They line us all up. I tell them they got no right treatin' me like that because I am an honest workin' man an' they got no right beltin' me around like I was a crook. You think that meant anything to them? No sir. 'Well, if you gotta job,' says one of them, 'waddya hangin' around with these here bums for?' "

Chuck sighed and shook his head sadly. "It got awful monotonous," he said. "I figured if I din't do somethin' about it pretty soon I would be walkin' on my heels because the cops were gonna keep on beltin' me around the rest of my life. So I outsmarted them. Out of self-protection I joined the police force."

CHUCK DIDN'T stay a uniformed cop very long. When I knew him he had established one of the best records in the detective bureau. "Ah," he said, "it wasn't nothin', the way I got put in the bureau. I was walkin' along my post one

day, not thinkin' of anything in particular an' all of a sudden I hear screams. I stop dead in my tracks an' lissen. The screams are comin' from one of the tenements on the block. Without thinkin' I dash inta that tenement house."

Chuck patted his stomach fondly. "I was a pretty young gazebo in them days," he said, "an' I didn't have my full growth, so I could dash. Well, I run up three flights before I find the flat where the trouble is. I try the door. It's locked. So I holler out, 'Open up, it's the law.' Nobody answers. More screams come outa the place an' then they stop all of a sudden. So I go heave-ho right through the door. I picks myself up an' I dash through the hall to the front of the apartment where the hollerin' was comin' from.

"I hope I never live to see such a sight again," said Chuck solemnly. "There are two stiffs layin' onna floor with the blood still runnin' outta them like out of a faucet. An' over them is standin' a great big guy with a butcher knife. The knife has got blood drippin' from it. The guy looks at me an' I look at him. An' then we start runnin'. That is, I start runnin' and he comes after me. We run up to the roof an' close the door an' I try to hold on to it but he pushes it open an' comes after me.

"I jump onto the next roof an' he comes after me. He keeps gainin' on me. I hear him moanin' and pantin' and I finally come to the last house on the block an' I got no place to go except maybe leap five stories to the street. He chases me all over that damn roof an' he finally gets me cornered. I got no place to go because I'm up against a wall. He comes up to me slowlike, wavin' that goddam knife in fronna him an' moaning an' slobbering all over hisself. All of a sudden I think of my gun. I pull it out an' I shoot him. I knock him dead. So then I am a hero, an' they put me in the brains department."

LEO LOEWENTHAL, a former detective and United States Marshal, always points to the case of Benny Wertheimer as the finest example of a good policeman who wasn't bothered by the lack of a formal education. "Benny didn't know no French," said Loewenthal. "All he studied was crooks and he was a better cop than any of these kids who come out of college with their scientific theories. For a long time he had the highest record of any cop in New York for picking up guys with guns.

"He happened to pick up a guy with a gun on Second Avenue one day, and the gunsel told him he'd bought it in a pawn shop. In those days there was no law against pawn shops in New York selling guns to anybody who walked in, because you didn't need a license to buy one although you needed one to carry a gun.

"That gave Benny an idea. He goes down to this Second Avenue pawn broker and asks him how many guns he sells every week. The pawn broker says maybe five, maybe ten. So Benny talks the pawn broker into cooperating with him. After that, whenever a guy buys a gun off him, the pawnbroker rubs some chalk on his hand and when the guy walks out of the store, he slaps him on the back and says, 'You should wear it in good health.'

"Benny is standing outside someplace and whenever he sees a guy walk past with chalk on his back he tails him. Benny would wait until the guy got far enough away from the pawn shop and then he would pinch him. Sometime during the booking, Benny would find a chance to rub off the chalk so the guy wouldn't get wise and give the whole business away.

"After a while Benny built up a terrific record. He used to arrest maybe twenty or thirty guys a month for carrying guns. A couple of times he tailed the gunsels until they were about to pull a stick-up and he caught them right in the act. He had a wonderful reputation. Every detective in the city was jealous of him. They used to follow him and try to find out how he done it and who his stool pigeon was. But the secret didn't come out until Benny's commanding officer called him in and made him tell how he could find so many guys with guns when nobody else could do it.

"Benny didn't want to tell him, because he thought that a lot of other cops would start using the same system with pawn brokers and then the secret would be hard to keep and gunsels would stop buying guns from pawn shops and his whole system would be ruined. But his commanding officer made him spill it. The officer was very skeptical. He didn't believe Benny and he said if he brought in any more guys for carrying guns he would bust him back into uniform and send him to Staten Island to watch the goats. This commanding officer made Benny stop because he figured Benny was planting the guns on the guys and then arresting them."

Former Detective Loewenthal snorted. "This commanding officer of Benny's," he said, "was a college graduate."

Paul Guillumette

Sipping tea at Yennan headquarters are (l. to r.) Mao Tse Tung, Chinese Red leader, American correspondent Earl Leaf, General Chu Teh, Miss Yah Fan-Kwei.

China Gropes for Freedom

By RICHARD WATTS, Jr.

CHINA IS in some ways the most bewildering country in the world to write about, considering her problems of language, travel, culture and politics. These are complicated enough for an observer of any professional standing whose task is not made easier by the manner in which the situation there changes so abruptly. Just when the reporter has things carefully pinned down, some such event as the firing of General Joseph W. Stilwell or the resignation of Ambassador Patrick J. Hurley followed quickly by the appointment of General George C. Marshall and a fresh statement of policy toward China by President Truman takes place, and the entire picture changes violently. Between the time of writing and the time of publication of this report, some provocative event may burst forth that will make the verdict here set down seem either too bitter or too rose-colored. It is my arrogant conviction, though, that the essentials of the situation will remain unaltered.

Just where to begin is another difficulty, since the forces in action in China today are the natural result of centuries of history. Not to be too elementary, China is the oldest nation in the world and the largest in population. After going through centuries of spiritual and physical decline, China began her tortured, turbulent renaissance early in the twentieth century. The equivalent of 1776 in America and 1688 in England did not take place until the overthrow of the Manchu Emperor in 1911. Since then, civil war has been waged almost constantly, and in particular, since 1927. The war against Japan actually began in 1931, although it did not become a full-scale affair until 1937. Even if there has been some definite progress made through all this, the country is still essentially feudal in social structure.

It seems clear, therefore, that any attempt to describe the Chinese political situation in terms of American history or American politics is bound to be wildly misleading. When, for example, it is said that for Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek and his regime to enter into an agreement with the Chinese Communists for a coalition government would be equivalent to Abraham Lincoln's making a compromise peace with the Confederacy, or that for the Communists to have an army of their own would be like the Republican Party's having its private military force, or that the Communists should be good sports and accept the fact that they are political outs just the way the Republicans do here, the comparisons simply do not make sense. In addition to the fact that I cannot help thinking it is an insult to Abraham Lincoln to compare him with Chiang Kai-shek even for the purposes of simplification, the difference in history and current social and political status between the United States and China are so vast that any such attempts can be only misleading—and I believe that they are usually made in the effort to be misleading.

At the same time, it is not my contention that, as people, the Americans and the Chinese are so different that it is impossible to make comparisons between them. Despite the tremendous barriers of language and assorted cultural backgrounds, there is a surprising similarity between the two peoples; a similarity, which, if we would only recognize it, would destroy for all time the myth that the Chinese are a mysterious and exotic race and we might just as well give up trying to understand them. It is a similarity that is particularly marked by a somewhat violent and physical sense of

humor, a mutual liking for conviviality and joining in groups and associations, a practical business sense, a high regard for commercial success and a deep sense of individual dignity and independence. It is that sense of humor that is the chief bond, and even the American soldiers in China who saw the worst of the ignorance, dirt, cruelty and corruption that abound in the unhappy land felt a certain wry kinship with the people around them because of it.

AT THE risk of sounding schoolmaster-ish and behaving as if I should be using a blackboard and a pointer instead of a typewriter, I must emphasize the contention that to understand what is going on in China today—and it is becoming increasingly inescapable that what is happening there is of the first importance in determining whether there is to be a third world war—one must beware of either seeing Chinese affairs as closely paralleled by our own history or of shrugging them off as hopelessly mysterious. There is one other possible danger. Because the situation in China in many ways seems so gloomy, because of (1) the chaos and corruption and feudal backwardness, (2) the confusion of dialects that often makes it impossible for a man from one part of the country to converse with one from another section, (3) the poverty and suffering and ignorance that can be so shocking even to a long experienced visitor to the land, and (4) the often seemingly hopeless task involved in bringing democratic order out of oligarchic confusion, it is easy to forget that what the Chinese are going through today is the agony of national rebirth rather than the death throes of national self-destruction.

As one who has been many times in China between 1935 and 1944 and returned just more than a year ago after a stay of a year in Chungking, I am sure of that—and I do not see how any observer there, no matter how deeply upset he may be about the blackness of the social, political and economic state of things, can be in doubt. Whatever else may be wrong with the country, there is something in the teeming vitality of the land, in the unquenchable spirit of the people, in the irresistible humor and sturdy independence of the lowliest coolie, in the determination to survive in millions who seem to have nothing to survive for or with, which convinces you that, however bad things may be, the Chinese people are somehow unvanquishable.

It took a great deal of faith to believe so, however, in the summer and fall of 1944, as I watched the growing torment of the land from the vantage point of the rain-swept, mist-enveloped, feverishly hot or bleakly cold wartime capital of Chungking. Either from a political or military point of view, China seemed doomed. Her armies, save for the Stilwell-trained troops in Burma, were being driven back disastrously, sometimes fighting courageously, more often giving way before forces a fraction of their own in size. The air bases in the southeast from which Major General Claire L. Chennault's Fourteenth Air Force had lashed out at the Japanese were falling to the enemy one by one, and it seemed that the great American base at Kunming was in grave danger, since the evidence was that the Jap could advance anywhere in China that he wanted to, and was delaying chiefly to give the country a chance to come completely apart politically.

That this would happen seemed quite possible. The Generalissimo's Kuomintang Party, the ruling oligarchy, which had long ago ceased to be the progressive, democratic group that its founder, Sun Yat-sen, the father of the Chinese Republic, had made it, was falling more and more into the hands of the reactionary feudal landowners who were so powerful in backward Western China, where the nationalist forces had been driven by the Japanese. The few remaining liberals in the Kuomintang had become politically impotent.

The smaller democratic parties were only permitted to exist on sufferance, and the Communists, who were carrying on an effective guerilla war against the Japanese from their northwestern stronghold of Yenan, were being blockaded by thousands of Kuomintang troops, who could have been well used against the Japanese, rather than against their fellow-countrymen. In the part of China still dominated by the Kuomintang, war-weariness, corruption, inflation and the terrorism of the secret police under Tai Li, the Chinese Himmler, reduced the morale of the people to the lowest ebb. In the south the semi-independent war lords were growing restive again.

Wide World

Chinese soldier, pulling guard duty at Hwitung Bridge over Salween River, uses umbrella for shade.

Wracked by more than 20 years of war with the Jap, torn by a seemingly hopeless split between the Kuomintang and Communist factions, the Chinese people still hope that with our help they will find the path to a more democratic way of life.

Chiang Kai-Shek greets Col. Morris Depasse, U. S. Military Attache, while General Pat Hurley looks on.

U.S. Signal Corps

IT WAS at this depressing point that news reached us in Chunking that General Stilwell had been removed from his command of the American troops in the China-Burma-India theater and as Chief of Staff to the Generalissimo at the insistence of Chiang and that Clarence E. Gauss, our Ambassador to China, had resigned. Since it was known that both Stilwell and Gauss believed that China could play its proper part in the later stages of the war only if there was political unity in the country and felt that the United States had a right to insist on this since it meant the saving of American lives, there was the painful feeling among both the Americans in China and the Chinese liberals that Washington had given in to Chiang's reactionary clique just when the proper show of strength might have brought about that much-needed unity. When additional word came that the notoriously reactionary Patrick J. Hurley, who knew nothing about China, was to succeed Ambassador Gauss, there was reason for apprehension.

Nevertheless it seems true that for all these melancholy aspects of the picture, November 1944 marked the most auspicious date in recent Chinese history for the establishment of a unified coalition (*Continued on page 48*)

Alida Valli
SALUTE
Pin-up Girl

"What would the elevator man think?"

The elevator man, complains Duncan, has set himself up as the guardian of public morals.

By RAY DUNCAN • DRAWING BY WILLIAM LAURITZEN

"THANKS LOADS," said the girl I was with. "I enjoyed it *so* much! Goodbye now."

I winced at 'now' coming after 'goodbye.' "Wait," I said, "I'll see you safely up. Maybe we could talk a little while?"

"Oh no, really—we can't do that. It's past two o'clock. What would the elevator man think?"

The elevator man admitted her to his car and slid the door shut in my face. I walked home trembling with frustration.

This wasn't the first time it had happened to me, and it's happened to a lot of other people I know. A few thousand men in uniform are keeping sex out of our nation's tall buildings. Or at least they're doing what they can to keep it out.

The elevator operator's job originally was to provide vertical transportation, but now he's a guardian of public morals. It's a dangerous situation. When free men begin to fear what the elevator man will think—or what any other little group may think—then liberty becomes a mockery.

A case in point is my friend Herb Starling. He was courting, or at least he was pursuing, a girl who lived on the eighteenth floor of a run-down apartment house in mid-town New York.

"I'm sorry," his girl kept saying, "but I can't ask you up at this hour. What would the elevator man think?"

Occasionally she gave a small dinner, or a cocktail party, to which Herb was invited. But she always insisted that he leave with the others. She always referred to them as "the others."

"The elevator man," he whispered hoarsely "won't remember how many came up here tonight." He had followed her into the kitchenette during one of her parties, under pretense of helping her mix the drinks.

"He will *too* remember," she frowned, "and please don't talk so loud or the others will hear you. Besides, if you stayed here, what would the elevator man think when you went down by yourself later?"

"They change shifts before morning," pursued my friend Herb, who had been drinking rather heavily.

"Then the morning shift man would know; he'd know he hadn't brought you up. Of course it's nothing to you what he thinks, but *I* have to ride down with him every morning. And there really isn't room for both of us in this kitchenette, Herbert. Why don't you go out and talk to the others?" She twisted lemon peel savagely into the drinks.

"He wouldn't know which apartment I came from."

"He'd know which *floor*," she snapped stamping her foot. "He'd know you hadn't been calling on old Mrs. Whitehouse, and that Jardman woman's husband is home now. That leaves only those newlyweds, a retired Naval officer, and me."

"Some of my best friends are retired Naval officers," Herb lied lamely. "Wouldn't it look all right if I stayed till tomorrow afternoon, and then went down—"

"Please, Herbert, don't be silly. You'll leave with the others—oh dear, now I'm not sure whether I put liquor in those!"

"Wait," I said, "I'll see you safely up. Maybe we could talk a little while."

It turned out she hadn't, for a few minutes later the guests made excuses and departed. My friend Herb Starling left with the others. Herb thought he saw the elevator man count them as they boarded his car, and swears he caught a gleam of triumph in the operator's eye as he let them out on the ground floor.

Usually, though, apartment house elevator men try to conceal their power. They assume a mask-like, impersonal expression, and they pretend an interest in their instrument panel, or in the monotonous *(Continued on page 42)*

INTRODUCING Alida Valli, one of Hollywood's first postwar importations, which might give you an idea of why the signorinas in Italy were popular with GIs. A blue-eyed, brown-haired Roman beauty, Miss Valli began her film career at the age of sixteen and has made more than thirty movies in Italy. Now, in her early twenties, she is Italy's outstanding female screen star who can handle comedy, melodrama and tragedy with equal skill. A David O. Selznick executive saw one of her early Italian movies in Paris during the summer of 1945 and decided at once that she was the best prospect in Europe. Particularly after he heard that the pictures of an Italian actress were popular at French cinemas. Communications being what they were, negotiations for Miss Valli's services had to be conducted in London, Rome, New York, and Hollywood. During the German occupation of Italy, Alida Valli made it a point to have nothing to do with Mussolini's phoney Republican Fascist government. She quit making movies during this interval, and when the Fascists insisted she come to Venice to make movies, she got busy having a baby which took her out of circulation and circumvented the Fascists. Her husband is Oscar De Mejo, a pianist, band leader and publisher in Rome. This picture, the first printed in America, was taken by ex-Sergeant Grayson B. Tewksbury, who was then staff photographer for the Mediterranean edition of The Stars and Stripes. Miss Valli ought to be along any day now. They say Mr. Selznick has big plans for her.

Sgt. Grayson B. Tewksbury

SPORTS:

By Jimmy Cannon

In first title bout, June 18, 1941, Louis kayoed Conn in 13th round. Champ here lands left to Conn jaw in early round.

Press Association

T/Sgt. Joe Louis gets year's back pay from Camp Shanks, N. Y. finance officer with honorable discharge. Champ defends title against Conn next summer.

Cpl. Billy Conn (now a civilian), telephones promoter Mike Jacobs after return from ETO tour. "Bring on Louis," says Conn.

What the Army has Done to Louis and Conn

MANY A CIVILIAN thinks a hitch in the Army is like two weeks' vacation in the country. They speak of the Army as a great health resort where a man rehabilitates the qualities of youth at the expense of the taxpayer. Many times since I have been discharged, people have told me what a wonderful thing the Army has done for us. After listening to them I am now convinced that most of us would have died of gluttonous inactivity if we hadn't been drafted.

Maybe the Army made a new man out of me but it has probably ruined Joe Louis and Billy Conn as prize fighters. They should get rich with the fee they will be paid for fighting next June, but many alert ring authorities believe that Army life has swindled them out of fifty percent of their skill.

I talked to one of the smartest managers in the ring business soon after he had watched Conn move sluggishly through four rounds of an exhibition bout in Cleveland. This manager was astonished by Conn's slow and confused behavior and the change in his flashy style.

"I never saw a good fighter look so bad," he told me. "That Conn was pitiful. Real pitiful. He couldn't get out of his own way. He was fat as a pig and had no timing at all. Remember the way he used to stick you with that left. Well, he done no sticking. He just pushed with his left hand and he couldn't move off of a dime."

"But," I protested, "he has a lot of time to get in shape."

"Shape," he replied. "Know what shape is? Shape ain't just sweating off a lot of blubber and weighing a certain amount. Shape is being fast and quick. You got to be able to do what you want to do. Conn can't do that. That Army life ruined his reflexes."

As this party is the only qualified man in the fight business who watched Conn and would discuss him honestly, I put down all he had to say. Others I interviewed became evasive and muttered they didn't like to knock the racket they were getting their bread from, as the saying is.

"Conn has to stick and run with Louis," he remarked. "You saw what happened in their last fight. He was moving good and Louis couldn't catch him for thirteen rounds. But once he got cocky and tried to punch with Louis, he got himself belted out. Speed is the only thing Conn got going for him. That's the first thing a fighter loses when he ain't fighting regular. And if he's slowed down at all, Louis figures to catch him in a few rounds and stiffen him. One thing is sure. He didn't pick up any speed in the Army. That's for sure. And slowing down in front of Louis is like sitting in the electric chair. I ain't seen a guy who ever figured out a way to outcute it, have you?"

AFTER THE war was over in the ETO I spent a lot of time with Conn around Paris. No one hated the Army more than he did. He figured the draft was a plot schemed up to swindle him out of the fortune he was certain to make in the ring. He refused to accept any political arguments and brooded over what he called "doing a bit in the can."

He still despises almost every officer in the Army. Only constant lectures from his friends prevented him from slugging one of his commanding officers in the ETO.

"I should of hit him and gone to jail," Conn said, bitterly. "What's the difference being in the Army or being in jail? Either way you look at it you're doing a bit in the can."

Conn was a foe of military courtesy and felt abused every time he had to salute an officer, regardless of the circumstances.

"Do you know what a salute means?" Conn asked. "When you salute you're saying, I'm a dog. When he returns the salute he's saying, I know you're a dog."

The great hero of Conn's military life was a Yank photographer. During a track meet in Nuremberg the cameraman was denounced by a captain for not saluting. The photographer took his bawling out standing at attention in the square in front of the field grade officers' hotel. But the cameraman followed the captain down a side street and knocked him out with one punch.

"There's a real hero," Conn said. "They'll build a lot of statues for generals who did nothing but live the best, but we should chip in and build this guy the biggest monument in history. I'd just pay a guy to stand around and keep the pigeons off of him."

"YOU UNDERSTAND THAT WITH OUR REGULARS BACK FROM THE ARMY YOU'LL HAVE TO FIGHT TO KEEP YOUR SPOT ON THE TEAM."

— Charles Pearson

Conn's sparring partner on his sports pilgrimages around the ETO was his brother, Jackie, a PFC from the 13th Airborne Division who made two combat jumps. I came upon Jackie one afternoon in Paris. He was standing outside of the Special Service mess on the Rue Lincoln, punching the brick wall with his fists. There were tears in his eyes and I do not use that as a figure of speech.

"I come in the Army to fight," Jackie said. "I enlisted. I go with a fighting outfit and they pull me out to box with Billy. What is that—a furlough? Look at my nose and ears."

Jackie's flat nose was skinned and his right ear was stuffed with moist cotton.

"That Billy, he kills me," Jackie said. "I don't want no part of Special Service, but I do what they tell me. Now my outfit is going home and they tell me I can't go with them. I got to stay in Special Service because I'm essential. Essential for what? Essential to box with Billy. But where the hell do you think Billy is? Billy left for the States today. He's flying home."

Maybe Jackie will never be a great fighter in the ring. But he is the champion of the Third Army MPs. I saw him cool three of them with three punches. He also managed a one punch knockout over a drunken first lieutenant who was making soldiers come up to attention and recite the articles of war on the Champs Elysees. In Cannes he is credited with knocking out four gendarmes who were working over a paratrooper with clubs.

"I'd be the heavyweight champion if I could fight guys wearing officers' suits instead of tights," Jackie once remarked as he watched a colonel stagger around the dance floor of the Lido Club Paris. "I go home early and go to bed every night in Paris. I'd wind up going crazy and slugging every officer I see if I hung around these joints watching them make jerks of themselves."

UNLIKE BILLY CONN, Louis seems to have taken the Army in stride. When I asked Louis about his experiences, he shrugged and said: "You know what the Army is." Louis has always been a slow-tempered man of great dignity who is the only true sportsman I've met in the professional boxing trade.

Louis has fattened up in the Army, and even the craft hand of a master tailor could not conceal the spread of his hips and the swell beneath his belt. I would say he carries twenty pounds more than his best fighting weight, which is 210. But Manny Seamon, Joe's trainer, says it is fat that can be easily worked off because Joe pampered his wind and legs while in the Army.

"He's pretty cute, that Louis," Manny explained. "He ain't no sucker who slops up when he's not fighting and eats himself dizzy. He watched what he ate and he played as much golf as he could. Naturally, he didn't play no golf when he went on them overseas trips. But around here when he was in this country he played an awful lot of golf. Now, golf won't get you in shape. But Louis just didn't play ordinary golf. He'd run from tee to tee as fast as he could run and that kept his legs and his wind in pretty good shape."

The fight racket doesn't believe the Army will have hurt Louis as much as it did Conn.

"Louis is a puncher," one observer told me. "Naturally, he will be slowed down. But laying around the Army won't take his punch away from him. If Conn is slow, Louis will catch him, and when that Louis catches him they'll still be a lot of death in his punches. But after Conn, Louis won't be able to monkey around with any kids. It's Conn losing his speed that makes Louis' loss of speed a smaller item because Conn is really a speed boy. But all in all, I'd say the time they did in the Army cost the both of them together around three or four million dollars."

Wide World

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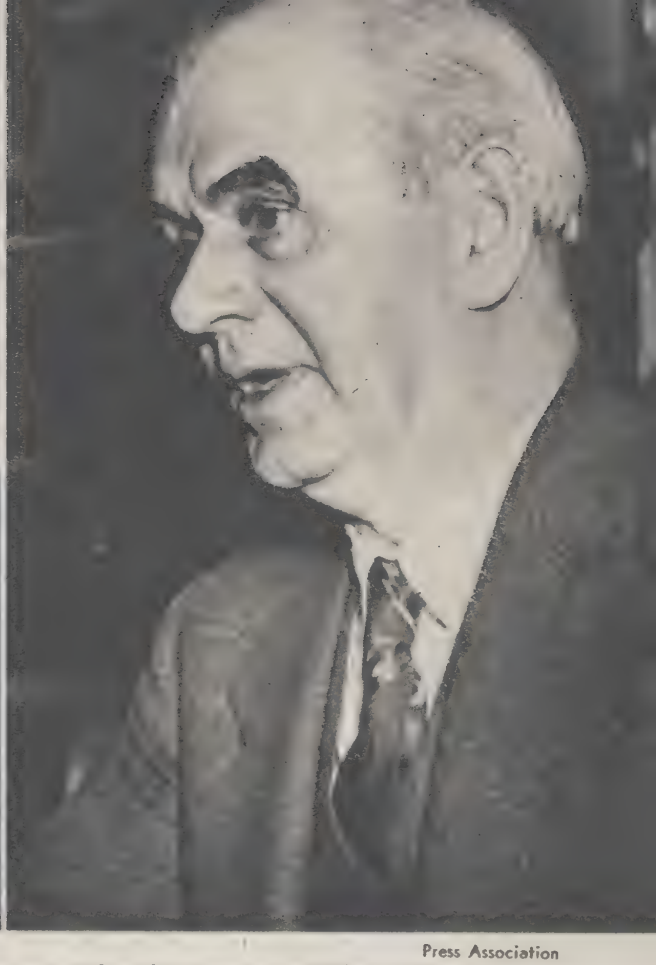

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Labor's Big Three have the job of convincing 9,000,000 non-union veterans that organized labor is essential to the returning soldiers' welfare.

Bread and Butter Front

By DE WITT GILPIN

ORGANIZED LABOR, engaged in what may well be the most momentous struggle in the history of the American trade union movement, is faced with the problem of the returning World War II veteran who is returning to an economic front where security in many way is no less uncertain than it was on the fighting front. Most of the veterans, filled with all sorts of preconceived notions about the labor picture in the United States, will be affected by the industrial strife in industry today. Naturally they as veterans want to know where they as veterans fit into the picture.

Labor's Big Three, Philip Murray, William Green and John L. Lewis have agreed that the shortest solution for the veterans' problem to date is "more jobs and higher wages." These leaders of organized labor's 12,000,000 members are issuing an appeal to veterans. The appeal, briefly, is: "Get in and fight—with us." Will the veterans agree? Will the battle-edgey GIs who told us that "John Lewis should be hung" feel differently now? Labor, too, would like to know the answer.

During the war-time mine strikes, those of us who were sergeants were kept busy telling our constituents why they should fight even if the miners weren't working. Or if it wasn't Lewis, it was Green or Murray that some GI with anti-labor convictions was castigating.

A defense of labor was made, naturally, by some of the 3,500,000 unionists in the army who were around when the question came up. U. S. Department of Labor statistics showed that only 3/100 of one percent of all production man hours from Pearl Harbor through 1944 were lost through strikes. But now the war is over, and some 9,000,000 members of the armed forces who have never belonged to unions will eventually be demobilized. Most of these millions will become wage workers. Labor tells them that the war for a higher standard of living never has an armistice. There are no short cuts to Utopia for the veteran or anybody else, says organized labor.

Veterans who would like to have that slice of Utopia that is represented by a house to live in, a job and a car are told by Green and Murray that these things are only possible if wages go up. Higher wages, the argument runs, add to the people's purchasing power, stimulate business and create more jobs. If business can't produce enough jobs, labor wants the government to underwrite a program that will.

Such is labor's premise. The economic battle lines drawn on these issues in the auto, steel and electrical industries by the CIO, and in other industries by the AFL and independent unions, were prefaces to a continuing struggle in which the unions are going to try to prove the correctness of their theory that the first step in preventing depression is more pay.

SOME VETERANS, who hoped for the tranquility of a quiet life marked by steady work and long beers of an evening, don't like the idea of immediately having to take sides in another scrap. A veteran who was warming his toes at a picket line fire before the General Motors plant in Brookfield, Ill., told me: "I don't want to be against the other boys, but I'm going to have to take the wife and go to her folks' farm until this is settled. I wasn't able to save a dime in the Army; some of the boys who worked all the time are better off."

Other veterans like Roy L. Rose, a former sergeant with the Fifth Infantry Division, say that neither escape nor neutrality is possible for the veteran who works for a living.

When Rose returned to Chicago after three and-a-half years service he had a few hundred dollars in savings. Most of the money was exhausted in establishing his new bride in a basement flat that Rose says "is a little better than some of those beat-up buildings in Normandy."

During the period she had waited for him Rose's wife had worked at General Motors in Brookfield and Rose himself got a job there. Auto workers are among the highest paid industrial workers in America, but Rose found that his weekly salary averaged only about $45 per week. Meanwhile, his wife had suffered a pay cut of about thirty percent in "take home" money due to the cessation of overtime and the return to the forty-hour week.

The combined salaries of Rose and his wife totaled approximately $80 per week, but when the strike came both of them were for it. They lost many a week's salary, but in talking the wage question over with each other they came to these conclusions: Before the war auto workers had often been unemployed for several months because of seasonal production. These periods of unemployment would return, they reasoned, unless General Motors and other large companies raised wages and distributed more of their profits among the ordinary people who bought most of the country's commodities. Because Rose had been in the army they felt that they were in a worse financial position than were families whose wage-earners had remained at civilian jobs during the war; but if a depression came they did not see how

A former CIO organizer tells how unions want to help the veteran, and what problems are involved.

Rose's status as a veteran would save them from the same privations that befall others.

Many unions, however, are not in a position to make the kind of appeal to veterans as the United Auto Workers did to Rose. He at least had a job. A lot of veterans don't, and by March 1st it is estimated that approximately 270,000 ex-servicemen and women will be drawing unemployment compensation. Almost 20,000 veterans are joining the ranks of the jobless monthly, according to the VA.

Larry Haring, head of the vocational committee at Local 3 of the United Brotherhood of Electrical Workers in New York City, has the job of talking to would-be electricians who believe that their army work qualified them to become apprentices. Local 3 has a thirty-hour work week with a top scale of $2.00 per hour, and to make this rate, a six-year apprenticeship is required. To such job-seeking veterans, Haring presents the following facts:

From a membership of 20,000, the local has 3,085 who have served in the armed forces. Most of the 3,085 are apprentices, because they were the young, unmarried men that the draft boards got. These union apprentices are returning now and some of them are being raised at once to the top "A" rating if their army work was such that they learned as much as they would have in the union's school.

But right now, there isn't sufficient work in New York City to employ the *present* number of regular union electricians and their apprentices, let alone the veterans.

THE UNION'S answer, of course, is that it doesn't make unemployment. Nor does the union feel that it can displace its own apprentices—who are veterans—with other veterans. So all Haring can do for a guy who may have strung wire from Normandy to the Elbe is enter his name on the waiting list for apprentices above all non-veterans.

Labor's answer to the veteran's desire for a proper chance to rehabilitate himself is to point to the proposals that the unions have made on this question, apart from their broad, basic aims of more pay and more jobs. William Green, in a special statement for servicemen and veterans, has asked them to note that the AFL is urging "that every member of the armed forces should be paid upon demobilization a lump sum adequate enough to permit him to get re-settled in civilian status." Murray and the leaders of the Railroad brotherhood have taken similar stands. R. J. Thomas, president of the CIO's auto workers, has named a specific amount to be paid to veterans, his union being on record for payment of three dollars per day for service in the U. S. and four dollars per day for foreign service.

Some veterans may consider the UAW's bonus plan a bit visionary (it's the same as the Veterans of Foreign Wars'), and the Detroit CIO council recently whittled the demand down a little by asking that mustering out pay be increased to $600.

AFL and CIO unions have developed many other proposals for aid to veterans in their transition to civilian life. Most all-inclusive is that of Clinton Golden, chairman of the CIO veteran's committee.

The CIO is asking Congress that money be loaned directly to veterans wishing to start businesses under the same system that the government advanced funds to corporations during the war. Congress is asked to raise unemployment compensation for veterans to $25 per week with five dollars additional for each dependent up to three. Another proposal asks for govern-

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ment aid to be given veterans who wish to return to high school; and a requested change on education is that the 25-year age limit be raised. The government subsidy paid to students, if the CIO had its way, would be upped to $90 per month plus $25 per month for each dependent up to three. Noting the housing shortage, the CIO contends that a real solution lies in slum clearance and a greatly expanded, low-cost housing program backed by state and federal monies.

COMES NOW the time when, if my old squad were here, eleven guys would say: "This all reads very well, but how are the unions going to get these things?"

Labor's answer, frankly, is that it isn't going out to lead any fight for a super-society for veterans, and that the entire question of the veteran's immediate problems is one with the fight for jobs and higher pay. Interviews with the personnel of the various committees that the unions have set up to deal with the veteran confirms this point of view.

The AFL, through its Labor League for Human Rights, and the CIO, through its Community Services Committee, are trying to effect the opening of certain located servicemen's centers in all cities. These centers, which will be supported by Community Chest funds to which organized labor contributes, will have union representatives who will give servicemen advice on employment and try to solve any other problems coming within their scope. In some cities the unions have opened their own centers, and the one in St. Paul headed by William Looby, a sheet metal worker and veteran of World War I, is cited by the AFL as one of the most outstanding examples.

Press Association

Labor receives support from many veterans who see in unions a part solution of their problem.

But Mr. Looby, like every other union official, has to tell every veteran that can't be placed on a job that the servicemen's centers simply cannot provide work for him.

In another effort to aid the veteran in special problems that may arise at his place of work or in his community, several of the large AFL city federations and CIO international unions have appointed "veterans' committees". These are usually headed by ex-servicemen like Lewis Weiss, a Seabee with 22 months' service in the Pacific, who is now Director of the AFL's Veteran Department in New York.

Weiss, who said he was new at his post and was still getting all the things the AFL has said about the veteran organized in his files, handed me what he considered to be a basic document. It was a speech by Robert J. Watt, international representative of the AFL, in which Mr. Watt told the National Employment Conference that, "we would do more for the veterans if we talked less about preference and undertook seriously to work out a program to achieve full employment for all—veteran and non-veteran alike."

WHAT UNION leaders mean specifically when they talk about "preference" for veterans is Maj. Gen. Lewis B. Hershey's ruling that non-veteran industrial workers may have to give up their jobs to veterans. No one, union leaders point out, has asked the farmers to give up their farms to vets, and corporation executives aren't being made to move out for ex-servicemen. Consequently, labor sees Hershey's "super-seniority" ruling as a device to turn veteran and non-veteran against each other, thus creating a division that would cripple the union's fight for increases and full employment.

Hershey's ruling — which has evoked the combined opposition of all labor unions—is the Selective Service

(*Please turn to page* 45)

What I Think Of The Army

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11)

written by public relations officers to the accompaniment of approving grunts by their generals. Finally, toward the end of the war, the clamor for a more realistic picture of the war had some effect and a note of honest grimness could be detected here and there in the official releases.

Writing about any such huge subject as the Army of the United States, trying to limit your attention to one thing at a time, is a little like attempting to pick out a date for the evening from the chorus of the Rockettes. The eye has a tendency to wander, and just as a man lifts his finger and prepares to say, "I'll take that one," another twenty girls dance onto the stage.

But one of the things that should be said of the American Army is that not enough of it did any fighting. This is a touchy subject, because, after all, we won, and the set-up of the Army had a great deal to do with that victory. But the behind-the-lines organization, from any divisional CP back to the Pentagon Building, was so large and bustling and full and overstaffed that the men actually in the line seemed like poor, forlorn, lonely orphans in comparison. I honestly believe that at least one-third of the men behind the lines, from Special Service entertainers to Quartermaster corporals and Chemical Warfare colonels, could have been transformed into infantrymen and put up in fighting units without losing one percent of the Army's actual efficiency in fighting the war. Aside from the new weight of fresh troops we would have been able to throw into battle, it would have been some reassurance to the tragic and sorely beset foot-soldier that he was not being left at the front until he got killed or wounded, that some of the weight of combat was being more evenly distributed.

Behind-the-lines outfits, both overseas and in the United States, seemed to have very high priorities on personnel, and officers in command built up personal empires of chair-warming, non-working soldiers, while rifle companies stayed in the line for months on end for lack of replacements. Individual outfits like the First Division bore the brunt of the fighting again and again without relief.

That callousness stretched its cynical hand throughout the Army. The black market operations in food and gasoline in Paris, which cost many American lives on the Siegfried Line, were further evidence of it. The fact that around ports and quartermaster dumps you ate magnificently, while up front, where food might mean the difference between life and death, you ate miserably, stems from the same thing. In Africa I came across a B-17 outfit that was flying high altitude missions on a steady diet of the old-fashioned C-rations, while at Bone, a port not far away, steaks and roast beef were the order of the day for the port battalions. A man should not be asked to fly from Newark to Philadelphia in a Piper Cub on C-rations, much less fight at 18,000 feet against the still potent Luftwaffe.

This callousness was a curious outgrowth of the lack of education about the war that has been complained about so much by critics of the Army. Never in the history of warfare have so many men died so well for so little conviction. That lack of conviction hit at the rear-line outfits more dangerously than at the fighting outfits. A fighting division, regardless of its political and moral attitudes, was proud of itself, was anxious to conserve the lives of its men. It wanted to show a better record than the divisions on its flanks, and operated generally with a courage and tenacity.

But the rear-line outfits, through whom passed all the supplies, did not have the driving force of the consciousness of the enemy a few hundred yards away—and very often they had nothing in place of it. The Army never really drove home the point of the war to these men, and the point and necessity of their being where they were and doing their jobs well. So short-stopping of food and clothing and cigarettes was a common thing. There was a general inclination toward giving the combat soldier the dirty end of the stick even when he came back to a place like Paris on leave where he found all the good rooms and good bars taken over by the men who were permanently stationed there, to say nothing of the girls, who invariably prefer the garrison soldier to the poor wanderer who will be God knows where in the next two days.

I must confess that I do not make these charges with the same bitterness and vigor that I would have made them three months ago. One week after I put on the gray suit, a nebulous golden haze somehow settled on those years of my life which I turned over to the War Department. They seem far away and rather quaint, like something that happened to a man in the Army of the Potomac and I find I have trouble even remembering the name of the captain I swore I would beat to a pulp in 1943, if ever I met him in civilian life. And the Atomic Bomb, too, somehow makes the mistakes and injustices of the wartime Army remote and only historically important. Even a general must be different now that the Atom has burst over Hiroshima.

In this article I have sniped at abuses in the Army, not because I found only abuses there, because I didn't; but rather because during the war my mouth was stopped and it no longer is. The good things about the American Army, of which there were many, were duly celebrated long before this, and this is the time to pass a little of the vinegar.

Essentially, I suppose, our Army was wonderful—although I am delighted to be out of it, and hope they don't get me back. But the sign that deep down it was sound was everywhere evident during the war. With all the griping and fierce complaining on all subjects, there was never any doubt in any soldier's mind about the eventual victory. Despite all the foolish paperwork and sword-waving windbags we were all dead certain that this Army, which was our burden and our pride, was going to win the war. That certainty weighs a great deal in the scales in which we measure Hershey, West Point and Company.

The City that Ducked

George Blackstone's plan to sink New York worked fine, but his troubles began when he tried to raise the city.

By JAMES DUGAN

DRAWING BY DAVID SHAW

I DON'T HOLD George Blackstone responsible for destroying New York City. The man has had a very bad time of it. There are a lot of people just as much to blame. I could name statesmen and generals and a lot of newspaper writers. Like everybody else back in 1945 Blackstone shot his mouth off about the atom bomb menace. The reason why he has to take the rap for wrecking the city is that his idea was adopted, while time and forgetfulness has wiped out the equally impracticable ideas of the rest. There's no avoiding it: if the Blackstone Atomic Defense (B.A.D.) hadn't ever come along New York would still be the Wonder City of the World.

You will remember that during the first mad week after the Hiroshima Atomic bombing even Hearst ran out of experts to quote. Somebody asked George Blackstone, a New York civil engineer, what he would do. Blackstone came up with a proposal that the skyscrapers be lowered into the ground. He suggested they be put on gigantic tubular screws, set in pits as deep as the buildings were high. If this had appeared in the Inquiring Reporter in the *Daily News* everybody would have had a good laugh, but it was played as news. Blackstone said he could work his hydraulic screws so fast that the 102-story Empire State Building (1,250 feet) would juke into its foxhole in 58 seconds. He calculated that it would take a little longer—21 hours and ten minutes to be exact—to jack the building back up to normal position.

ALL OF THIS seems such a long time ago now. People don't like to talk about it. The few remaining New Yorkers are pretty sensitive about London people deplaning at Central Park on their way to Jersey City and making snide remarks about how high St. Paul's Cathedral is. People would rather not think about what happened to New York.

For, alas, Blackstone's scheme caught on. When Bill O'Dwyer came into office he put the unemployed vets to work digging the holes. Forty skyscrapers were selected for the B.A.D. project. The biggest crowds of excavation-watchers in the history of excavation-watching gathered to watch the biggest excavations.

There was little else to do in New York after the digging started. The buildings were evacuated and most of the streets were roped off for the use of trucks carrying away the dirt and rocks. The loads were dumped in Jersey City where Mayor Frank Hague had cleverly decided to have his atom bomb shelter under the mountain that was being dug out of Manhattan Island. Today Mt. Hague is the tallest peak east of the Rockies and a convenient ski resort for the entire metropolitan area.

Life dwindled to the point where the rush hour in the big city came to resemble Philadelphia on Sunday night. Thousands of displaced persons left (*Continued on page* 43)

The Empire State Building jammed at the 50th story as it plunged into the ground.

Problems

Salute's Problems Department is edited by Max Novack, former editor of What's Your Problem? feature of *Yank* Magazine. Address letters to Problems Editor, *Salute*, 19 Park Place, New York 7, N. Y. Letters must have writer's full name and address.

Job Rights

Dear Editor:

Six weeks ago when I was discharged I dropped in on my old firm and received the usual glad hand. I told the general manager that I expected to take a two month vacation before getting back to the old grind. He seemed to understand my point of view and I went off on a fishing trip. At the time I knew of no reason to worry about getting back my old job as personnel manager.

Now I am beginning to wonder whether I should have been so hasty about the vacation. I have discovered that the female that replaced me as personnel manager is really a bright gal

and most important of all she has gotten herself engaged to the general manager's son. The son, incidentally, was my commanding officer overseas—he and I never did hit it off and this looks like his chance to give me the works but good. As I get the picture the gal has every intention of holding on to the job for a couple of years while her husband-to-be finishes his schooling.

What bothers me is this. What if I am rehired as the law says they have to and they park me in a corner where all I can do is twiddle my thumbs—in short can they make a glorified office boy out of me without violating the law?

Ft. Worth, Texas —H.L.Y.

■ They cannot. So long as you remember to apply for your old job within 90 days after discharge, you must either get your old job back or one of equal status and seniority. Further, you cannot be fired without cause for at least one year after you are rehired. If your boss tries to pull a fast one see your local U. S. Attorney at once and he will take whatever legal steps are necessary.

Mustering-Out Pay

Dear Editor:

After three years of Army service I finally got to be a master sergeant. Now I am getting out and I would like to sign up for the Enlisted Reserve Corps in order to keep my rank. If I do that, will I still get that $300 mustering-out pay or must I kiss that goodbye as some of the guardhouse lawyers say?

Ft. Dix, N. J. —M/Sgt. S.A.F.

■ As usual the guardhouse lawyers are wrong. Tell them to take a look at WD Circular 304 (1945) which makes it clear that an officer or enlisted man who joins the ERC will still get his mustering-out pay.

Vacancy in Office

Dear Editor:

Ever since Franklin Roosevelt died I have heard all sorts of conflicting stories about what would happen if President Truman were to die in office. Some say that the Secretary of State would become President. Others contend that a new law gives the job to the President of the Senate. A few even argue that in such a case we would have to have an immediate election to fill the unexpired term.

I believe that the Secretary of State would step into the job. But what troubles me is this. Since the Secretary of State usually accompanies the President to international conferences it is possible for both men to be killed in the same accident while traveling abroad. What happens then? Who takes over in that case?

Chicago, Ill. —E.W.B.

■ You are correct in your belief that the Secretary of State would become President if Truman died in office. If both Truman and the Secretary of State were to die the Secretary of the Treasury would become President and would serve for the rest of the unexpired term. Under present law, the removal, death, resignation or inability to serve of both the President and the Vice-President, makes the following members of the Cabinet eligible for the Presidency in the order indicated: Secretary of State; Secretary of the Treasury; Secretary of War; the Attorney General; the Postmaster General; Secretary of the Navy; the Secretary of the Interior. No provision is made for any other member of the cabinet to serve in the event that those indicated are unable to take office.

Loans for Widows

Dear Editor:

My husband was a Navy pilot and saw plenty of action against the Japs. Just three months after he was discharged from service he cracked up while piloting a private plane. My only income at present is the $55.10 a month I am receiving from my husband's National Service Life Insurance Policy. Since I have a six-month old child that amount of money is not nearly enough to pay our bills.

Recently I was approached about setting up a dress shop which might prove to be a lucrative business. I have only a few hundred dollars to invest and I was wondering if I could get some help via a loan under the GI Bill of Rights as the widow of a veteran.

Philadelphia, Pa. —Mrs. M.D.J.

■ Sorry but you cannot. The benefits of the GI Bill of Rights are limited to veterans themselves and do not extend to their widows or orphans.

Chinese Bride

Dear Editor:

I am a Chinese-American who had more than 42 months of service in the Army. I am married and my wife (also Chinese) is in Chungking. Since my discharge I have spent a great deal of time and effort in getting my wife to the states. So far I have had no luck. Now I am told that while other GIs who married foreign brides may bring them to the states I may not. The reason given is my Chinese extraction. My desire for my wife is just as great as anyone else's regardless of his race, creed or color. Can you tell me how I can bring my wife to the states without having her wait for a vise as a Chinese immigrant?

St. Louis, Mo. —L.G.W.

■ Unless Congress decides to change the immigration laws there is no way for you to bring your wife into the states without getting her a quota visa. While wives of other GIs may enter the states on non-quota visas, Chinese brides may only enter the U. S. via the Chinese quota. At present the quota permits only 105 Chinese nationals to enter the states per year.

Homesteading

Dear Editor:

I am very much interested in homesteading and have been thinking of going back to Alaska for that purpose. I have been told that veterans with two years of service will only need seven months on a homestead site to fulfill the residence requirements of the law. Where can I get full information about such sites and other details about homesteading?

Red Bank, N. J. —G.C.

■ The Department of the Interior has prepared literature on homesteading and you can get any information you may require by writing to Commissioner Fred Johnson, General Land Office, Department of the Interior, C Street, between 18th and 19th Streets, NW, Washington 25, D. C.

Civil Service Credit

Dear Editor:

I am a civil service employee who is on what they so coyly call military leave. I have been on leave for just two years now. Will I get any credit for my two years of service toward a within-grade salary increase and how often are such increases granted?

Germany —E.W.D.

■ You will. Civil service employees on military leave are entitled to count the time spent on active duty towards the time required for within-grade salary advancements. Such increases are now granted after each year of service.

Five-Star Generals

Dear Editor:

Will you please tell me just how much pay a five-star general like Eisenhower receives. How does his pay compare with the amount paid to other generals?

Des Moines, Iowa —S.F.R.

■ Base pay of a five-star general is $8,000 a year, which is the same as the base pay of a four-star general, a lieutenant general or a major general. However, the five-star general receives an annual allowance of $5,000 instead of the mere $2,000 allowance paid to lower-grade generals.

For one returning soldier the War meant mostly the Excelsior Hotel, with its girls, liquor, hours of wild forgetfulness.

• DRAWING BY WILLIAM LAURITZEN

EXCELSIOR HOTEL

By LEN ZINBERG

HE SAID quickly, "I'll go down for the groceries, Libbie. Make out a list of what you need."

"No, you stay here. My goodness, sending you out to do the shopping and it's only your second day home. Stay here and talk to Tubby. I'll be back soon."

"I just thought I'd help you out. It's past his bedtime anyway."

She put her hand up on his shoulder, smiled at him. "Please, Charlie."

He looked down at his wife. "Okay honey, I'll shoot the breeze with Tubby." The pint in his suitcase was finished and he had wanted to stop at the corner bar. He needed a drink badly.

Tubby, his four year old son asked: "Daddy, will you tell me all about the war?"

"Absolutely, all I know."

"About the Silver Star, how you became a captain?" the kid asked.

Libbie laughed. "I'll slip out of this old house dress," she said, going into the bedroom.

Charlie lit a cigarette, roughed up Tubby's soft blonde hair as the kid squealed with delight. Then Charlie walked over to the bedroom and leaned against the doorway. Libbie was in a white slip, her small breasts and thin body outlined.

She turned, startled, and asked, "Why Charlie, what are you doing?"

"Watching you get dressed," he said, going over and kissing her.

She gently pushed him away; said in a worried voice, "Please dear, Tubby is watching."

"What the hell is so wrong about seeing his pop kiss his old lady?"

"Charlie. Do you have to say h-e-l-l? And you smell of w-h-i-s-k-e-y."

He asked, "Is that bad?"

Libbie turned away, looked as if she was going to cry. He put a big hand on her shoulder, pulled her to him. His other hand caressed her breast. "It'll be all right baby," he said quietly. "Relax, and give me a little time."

"Of course," she said, kissing him on the cheek, twisting out of his arms. "Now please let me dress—before the stores close."

"Sure." He walked to the door and took Tubby's hand. "Come on you little peeping tom, we'll sit by the radio and talk." He grinned down at his son—the kid was the only one person he had any feeling for since he came home.

HE TUNED in a jazz band, turned the radio down low, and sat there, smoking nervously. Tubby sat on his lap, his tiny hands playing with the blue Combat Infantry Man's badge, the row of ribbons on Charlie's blouse. The boy said, "Tell me about the war, Daddy."

"Tell me about the war—I'm glad it's as simple as that for you," Charlie said. "Well kid, war is a lot of things. It's leaving a funny looking little baby and returning three years later to hear a big, strong boy say, 'I'm Tubby, I'm your son.' War is being away when your kid needs you most, when you should be bouncing him on your knee, changing diapers, hearing his first words and . . ."

"Tell me about the Germans you killed, about the time they had your picture in the papers. I saw Germans killed in the movies, Daddy." His sleepy eyes were small.

"That's a good place to see it," Charlie said.

Libbie called out," I'll be back in about fifteen minutes, dear," and closed the door.

Tubby asked, "Did the guns make lots of smoke and noise, like in the movies? The big, big guns?"

"Worse than any movie," Charlie said. "Then there's lots of quiet, and that's pretty bad too. You keep on being scared—not as much as you were in the beginning. Then one day all that frightened feeling deep inside you seems to bubble up and sort of explode. When you wake up you're in a hospital and they say you aren't hurt too bad. They never say anybody is hurt too badly. Later they read a citation, give you a medal, and you're surprised to find out what you did. When you get out of the hospital they say you're an officer now. You hang around the officers' bars, return salutes, feel a bit silly about it all. Then you return to the front, only this time you aren't so frightened, just indifferent. Maybe that's being scared too. Now you say, if I'm going to get it, I'm going to get it and there's nothing I can do about it. Only all the time you're careful, careful without thinking about it. I suppose then you're a real soldier."

His voice was fast and even, the radio was beating out soft rhythm, and Tubby was asleep —breathing regularly and gently, his little hands still on the ribbons.

Charlie stared at the kid, thinking, I must be drunk, talking to him like this. But no matter what I told him, he would never understand it. Nobody understands war. Well, maybe the movie writers do.

CHARLIE LIT another cigarette, blew out bad smoke rings and thought: . . . The movies never show how after forty days on the line, you hit Rome. Walk into the Excelsior Hotel, all tired and dirty. You shave, get dressed. You're in a big city, a fine hotel with real beds and sheets. A crummy band (*Please turn to page* 41)

LIZABETH SCOTT Pin-up blonde from Pennsylvania's anthracite belt. Her latest picture is Paramount's *The Strange Love of Martha Ivers.*

***Instead of "movie criticism" Salute's Al Hine writes about "going to the movies," including such neighborhood favorites as* Wonder Man, Lost Weekend, Dolly Sisters *and* Coming Attractions.**

I HAVE AN objection to most writing about movies in magazines which goes under the heading of movie criticism. What I am going to write here, for as long as the editors of *Salute* let me, will definitely not be movie criticism. Rather, it is going to be writing about "going to the movies", quite a different thing and, I'm sure, a much more universal experience. To point up the difference between being a movie critic and "going to the movies", allow me a comparison between the approach of a movie critic on an average, well-heeled magazine and the movie goer for whom the critic is allegedly writing.

The movie critic gets a card or a letter or, if the Hollywood tradition is at its most childish, a telegram from the publicity department of a movie company which may very well be situated across the street from the critic's office. The telegram usually reads something like: "There will be a screening of *Steubenville Nights* at our local projection room and Mr. Warner-Mayer wants you to be sure not to miss it."

The critic says, "Oh, hell," and if it is snowing outside he pulls on his galoshes at the proper time and trudges to the projection room. There he sinks into one of a number of comfortable chairs and, in the company of his fellows in the critical trade, watches in quiet and leisured luxury, while the movie flickers on the screen. After the movie is over, he exchanges some pleasantries with the other critics. If it's a particularly important movie or if he's a particularly important critic, one of the movie publicity persons may treat him to a powder or two. Then he slips his galoshes back on (we may assume that he has taken them off during the screening) and paddles back to his office to write his review. He is usually equipped with a mimeographed handout which gives him a lot of interesting sidelights on the movie he has just seen as well as a list of the cast, often with short biographies.

What happens when you go to a movie? Or, more specifically, when I go to a movie?

Well, my wife and I wait usually three months for the movie to leave the Babylonian palace theater section in the heart of town and wend its weary way to our neighborhood theater—sometimes spelled Nayborhood Theater. Then we try to find out what time the section of the double-feature that we want to see goes on. This involves references to the paper and phoning the theater. Both of them give different times, so we compromise on an hour midway between. In any case, we always have to wolf dinner to make our deadline.

It is a sloppy day when we go, too, just like when the critic went. I disdain galoshes, not being as smart as the critic, but my wife wears Booties. At least she informs me that what she has on her feet are Booties. Suffice to say, I arrive at the Nayborhood Theater with wet

MOVIES

By AL HINE

In *The Lost Weekend* faithful Jane Wyman saves rummy boy friend from evils of drink.

feet, and my wife arrives in a bad humor because we have rushed washing the dishes and I have broken two of them.

You can see that our attitude already is different from that of the magazine critic.

We have only a short wait in line, but the orchestra is filled (a fact for which my wife holds me vaguely responsible) so we go to the balcony. We are always amazed at how big a balcony a small theater can hold and how far back one can sit.

We elbow past a wall of protesting flesh in the row where we have located two vacant seats and settle down. Far, far, far below it is a square of winking white. It is the movie and quite a while later when our eyes have accustomed themselves to the darkness, smoke and other fumes, we find that we are in the middle of the wrong part of the double bill.

I'll make the story short. We sit through *Forever Yours*, taking turns pinching ourselves to keep awake, and finally we get to see *Wonder Man*, which is very funny, but somewhat disappointing because it represents a complete waste of Danny Kaye in a role so pre-tested for laughs that almost any comedian could walk through it successfully. There is an opera sequence that isn't as funny as the Marx Brothers in *A Night At The Opera* and a sneezing routine which is no more funny than most sneezing routines and a lot of other stuff like that. As audience, we all laugh, but it is a little bit the laugh of a wife at her husband's third telling of a good story; it is still funny, but we know too much what is coming.

We sit through newsreels and coming attractions and I wonder for the thousandth time to myself why someone doesn't make a full length bill of coming attractions. They are always so much better, so much more interesting than the actual movies. They hint so much action and sex and intrigue. Just think of two and a half solid hours of *Coming Attractions!* Well, I'd pay to see it.

RATHER THAN see the beginning of *Forever Yours*, we go home with a snarled curse or two at the booking system which foists such crummy double bills on the public. We go home, that is after my wife has found her Booties. Sometime during *Wonder Man* they become footloose in every sense of the word and wander three rows down. After a sharp exchange of pleasantries with a probable sister of Bela Lugosi, I locate the Booties and *then* we go home. My feet get wet again, but I take a hot bath, a cold drink and go to bed.

What I mean is, this is different from the critic's view and I think the difference is a handicap to criticism. What makes the handicap insurmountable for a magazine critic, particularly for the critic of a monthly magazine, is that he *has* to see pre-release screenings or the movies he writes about will be dead to the public by the time his criticisms get into print. And if he sees pre-release screenings, he's under the handicap we outlined above: "He doesn't go to the movies."

That is why I shall write simply in terms of movie going. Most of the movies I mention will be old hat, but that doesn't make them undiscussable. You can still stir up a good bull session in any group about movies years old and the reader interest in most movie criticism, insofar as I've observed, is usually more a bull session interest in the area of agreement or disagreement between the reader and the critic rather than a desire of the reader for guidance. I can recall no recorded case when my wife, myself, any friend of ours or any friend's friend, has gone to a movie purely on a critic's recommendation. Or ever stayed away from a planned movie because a professional critic scorned it. There may be cases, but I don't know of them. All this in spite of the large type in movie ads saying, "'Don't miss *Tapioca*'—Twitchell" or "'A Landmark in Film History, *Honey I'll Be Seeing You Forever And A Day*'—Jedda Jopper."

TO PURSUE the difference in approach of the critic and the audience further, let's take a not-too-ancient example, *The Lost Weekend*. The critic who sees it at a screening may be able to write an interesting and informative essay on how well or how badly the picture portrays the struggles of an alcoholic, and to what degrees the virtues of the original novel are falsified (1) by the usual babyish insistence on a sugar-coated ending and (2) by the major flaw of the picture, its failure to throw the viewer's sympathy, as the book did, with Don Birnam, the drunk fighting the bottle, rather than with his normal brother and his girl friend. When you read the book your own identity became merged with that of Birnam. It was not necessarily a matter of being sympathetic. It was just that, for the reading, his struggles were your struggles, his nightmares were yours. In the movie, unfortunately, you see Birnam's drinking through his brother's and his girl friend's sober eyes. I don't know how the makers of *Weekend* could have beaten this. It's a tough problem; but it was a flaw.

I used the word "viewer" above deliberately instead of "audience," just to emphasize again that the audience is what the average critic lacks or ignores. He cannot realize that one of the major hurdles for the makers of *Weekend* is the fact that to most members of a movie audience a drunk is a comic figure. It is just as hard as hell for such people, however familiar they may be with the woes of alcoholism, to see the tortured figure of Don Birnam as anything but an amusingly tipsy Ray Milland. Their reaction to his plight, from his first parched longing for the bottle hidden outside his apartment window to his hospital confinement, is one of amusement at a rummy. Because rummies are funny; in the movies they almost always have been.

The Lost Weekend comes close to licking this reaction-according-to-pattern in the cash customers. Girlish giggles and masculine bellies grew less frequent as the story unfolded on the screen and, in the one fine, horrible moment of Don's DTs, the audience I sat in let out with a most satisfactory and spontaneous mingled shriek and gasp.

Another audience factor, forgotten in all reviews of *The Lost Weekend* that I can recall, is the extreme plasticity of the feminine fan aged anywhere from seven to 17 to 77. I am sure that at least one derivative of this record of a monumental bender will be the immediate discovery by thousands of budding girls and young women that their perfectly normal, saloon-going boy friends and husbands are suffering from second-degree bourbon burns. And thousands of heretofore happy young men are going to be puzzled as feminine hands halt the jiggers en route to their lips with softly whispered warnings, "I'm trying to help you as best I can, dear."

I'M GETTING a little windy and I should stop, but I can't resist mentioning *The Dolly Sisters* because it is the worst movie I ever saw and as such *is* A Landmark In Film History. I saw it at a big beautiful theater where I had to wait in line and then dodge through a maze of seven-foot-amazons all repeating "Seating in the next aisle to your left, plea-yus." I advise you to see it for laughs, if you can still find it around. There is only one bad note where the overdone technicolor turns sour and causes Miss Betty Grable's skin to turn red rather than rosy. This effect makes Miss Grable look like nothing so much as a hot water bottle dressed in white satin and, as an admirer of Miss Grable not as a hot water bottle, it made me unhappy. The rest of the movie was in such a vein of fine Golden Bantam as to keep anyone in a good humor. There is one character particularly worthy of serious study, a young lady attired in a powder puff and introduced as, I believe, the Spirit of Rouge. I don't know what her name was, but, after seeing her, I realized more fully what Mohammedan warriors dreamed of that led them to die in battle for the embraces of Allah's exquisite houris.

Balkan Adventure

The brass usually made it tough for a GI reporter to get a story. This trip to Tito was no exception.

By WALTER BERNSTEIN

IN THE early Spring of 1944, the city of Cairo, Egypt, was overrun by British and American correspondents trying to get into Yugoslavia. The Teheran Conference had just ended, the second front had not yet been opened, the Middle East was too complicated, and the war in Italy was being master-minded into a long, bitter, costly and uncomfortable campaign. That left Yugoslavia.

There seemed no real reason why correspondents should not go there. Tito had already requested Allied news coverage and it was easier than commonly supposed to get people into occupied countries. Our Office of Strategic Services operated a regular shuttle service, sending their ex-department store buyers and former magazine executives into the Balkans with the generosity of a football coach sending players into a game to get their letter. Unfortunately for the correspondents, Allied news policy for that area was controlled by the British, who had put a stop to the entry of all newspapermen. The situation would have been different had the Americans been in control, since the American Army was scared silly of newspapers, particularly big newspapers. The British Army either felt more secure or did not scare that easily. The British were then in the process of wriggling delicately out from under General Milhailovitch and they wanted no Tito publicity until ready to give it.

At that time I was in Cairo as enlisted correspondent for YANK. Cairo is a corrupt and titillating city, full of a special, dirty sort of promise that is never fulfilled. It was a lush hiding place from the war. It was not so lush for enlisted men, since most of the decent bars and restaurants were off limits, but it was a good thing for correspondents. The bars were always full of refugees and secret agents, and the air was full of stories. The refugee stories could not always be used; they were either unreliable or too painful. They seemed indecent heard in a city like Cairo. Stories from secret agents were also unreliable, but that was more or less expected.

The most reliable secret agents were the British and Americans, because usually you could check up on them through another agent. The British agents were hard to spot, being professional, but you had to beat off the American agents with clubs. Most of the American agents I knew were from the OSS. It was hard to avoid them, since their plainclothes men rarely succeeded in looking like anything but American tourists and their Army officers maintained an air of determined mystery that changed to pique if you failed to ask about their current secret mission.

This is possibly unfair to some of the OSS people. Many of them, particularly the enlisted men and junior officers, did important and dangerous work. But the upper strata was shot through with vain and irresponsible men, who looked on the war as personal adventure. One of their chief recruiting tactics was to seduce a prospect with stories of the fancy clothing he would get if he joined the OSS. This included special boots and fur-lined parkas and other choice items not normally given to common soldiers. The special issue was supposed to be worn only on missions, but it could be seen in all the better Cairo bars and it played an important part in recruiting the higher-type field officer for the OSS.

There was not much printable news in Cairo for an Army magazine until two Partisans from Tito's staff arrived. They had been severely wounded and the British had flown them out for brain operations. Now, somewhat recovered, they were seeing the press. One of the Partisans had been a Belgrade newspaperman. He was a huge, boyish colonel named Dedier and he spoke excellent English. He had led a Yugoslav YMCA delegation to the States in 1932, returning that same year with the ping-pong championship of Lynn, Massachusetts. I met the two Partisans through an American correspondent of Serb descent, who was acting as their unofficial press attache. They extended me the same invitation to visit Yugoslavia that they had given the other correspondents, but this was unfortunately not followed by a similar British invitation. After several talks with Dedier, I decided to see if an Army correspondent could somehow get in.

A Nazi schooner, nabbed while running supplies, is inspected by Partisans along the Dalmatian coast.

I WENT TO the officer in charge of the Cairo Yank, a pleasant, efficient major named Charley Holt whom the Army had sent to Egypt presumably because he had once spent four years on a newspaper in Japan. Holt thought it was a good idea and went for permission to an American brigadier general. The general was a little vague about Yugoslavia, which he had somehow confused with Czechoslovakia, but he knew how he felt about the British.

"You're not going to let the British tell an American soldier where to go," Major Holt said.

"Certainly not," the general said.

"They can't keep an American soldier out of a fighting country like Yugoslavia, can they?" the major asked.

"I'd like to see them try," said the general.

Permission thus having been secured, Major Holt went out to get orders cut. There was some difficulty here with the Adjutant General's office, which pointed out, reasonably enough, that the general really had no jurisdiction over who went in and out of Yugoslavia. This was overcome by wording the orders so vaguely that the bearer could go anywhere, including the few places the general did have a say about. Then came the matter of transportation. This had to be arranged through the OSS, who had a monopoly on Americans going into Yugoslavia. Holt knew a colonel there named Hazlitt, who had formerly been connected with one of the American civilian agencies in the Middle East. Holt went to the colonel with orders for me to proceed to Bari, Italy, and then to wherever my mission demanded. Hazlitt seemed very helpful; he said he would arrange an immediate plane ride to Bari and write to the OSS branch to get me into Yugoslavia.

It took me two weeks to get to Bari. I hung around the OSS for a while, waiting for a sign from Colonel Hazlitt, but the guards in front of the place gave me the creeps and I left. Finally I just took my orders to the Air Transport Command and they gave me a plane ticket to Bari, leaving the next day. The OSS had apparently considered this procedure not sufficiently mysterious.

When I got there, I reported at once to the Special Balkan Section of the OSS. SBS, as it was called, was housed in a white, modern building, not far from the waterfront. There were no guards around, possibly to insure secrecy, but the first soldier I stopped on the street gave me exact directions. I reported to a lieutenant in the orderly room and he took my orders into the commandant's office. The commandant himself came back out with him. He was a heavy, graying major named Fitch.

Partisans take a ten minute break in the Yugoslav mountains. Bernstein in the left foreground looks as if he is wondering whether it's worth all the bother.

He shook my hand with great vigor. "Been waiting a long time for you, boy," he said, heartily. I followed him into his office, wondering what he was so cheerful about. He sat down behind his desk and motioned me into a chair. He offered me a cigarette, smiled broadly and asked what he could possibly do. I began telling him where I wanted to go, and found out in a hurry why he was so nice. He had no intention of letting me anywhere near Yugoslavia. As a matter of fact, he hadn't even known I was supposed to go there. He showed me the carbon of a letter from Hazlitt's office, saying that I was going to write articles for YANK about the OSS. The idea that I wanted to go to Yugoslavia struck Major Fitch as positively uproarious. He shook with laughter. "Now you know, boy," he said between spasms, "*No*body gets into Yugoslavia."

I didn't know what the next step was, but Major Fitch settled that too. He just took it for granted that I would write articles about him and the OSS. He asked how soon I'd be ready to start work and hinted that if I wanted any pictures, he was an absolute fiend with the camera and actually took most of the official pictures for the SBS. Then he called in the lieutenant and told him I was to be billeted with the other enlisted men and shown anything I wanted to see about the SBS. "Take good care of this boy," the major said, as the lieutenant led me out.

I SPENT FIVE days in Bari as a "guest" of the SBS. I lived in a villa with their enlisted men. Most of these men were technicians whose job was to drop into enemy territory and contact Partisans or establish outposts or blow bridges and railways. They were fine and brave men. Practically all of them hated the SBS. They considered it wastefully and incompetently run and they especially loathed the Major. Each morning I would ride to the office with them and then try to avoid Major Fitch. This was like trying to avoid the common cold. The Major would grab me, ask how I was doing, and then give me his views on everything. Like many small men commisioned in our Army, Major Fitch had discovered that other men who would otherwise pay him no attention could now be forced into listening to him. This had made the Major an expert on everything, with emphasis on war and politics.

He had the Partisans down cold: they were nice people, if primitive, led by Communists and fighting for themselves and nobody else. He also had an interesting theory of why we were giving them so little help. He said that if we helped the Partisans too much they would chase all the Germans out of Yugoslavia and that would give the Americans just that many more Germans to fight in Italy.

Whenever I escaped Major Fitch, I went to the enlisted men's Red Cross and played ping-pong or just sat and brooded. Sometimes I wandered around the waterfront. The Red Cross was a depressing place, not only because of its air of desperate merriment, but because it also was the center of Bari's pro-Mihailovitch activity. The director of personnel was a former Yugoslav business man, hired by the Red Cross. He had staffed the place with other anti-Tito Yugoslavs and they all did their bit in spreading Partisan atrocity rumors, with doses of anti-Semitic and anti-Russian propaganda on the side. Every so often I ducked into the SBS office and tried to find my orders. One of the non-coms finally discovered them on Major Fitch's desk and slipped them to me. I spent that night on the floor of the Red Cross, and caught a plane to Naples in the morning. There, in the sanctity of the YANK Italian Edition office, I cabled Major Holt in Cairo. Holt answered in a few days, saying my orders were still good, regardless of what Fitch said, and I should go ahead to Yugoslavia. The only conceivable way seemed to be to swim across the Adriatic, but I went back to Bari anyway.

THIS TIME I holed up in an apartment the 15th Air Force had thoughtfully requisitioned for correspondents. The next day, after laying several false trails, I went to Partisan headquarters. Colonel Dedier was there, recently arrived from Cairo. He said the British had finally decided to allow two correspondents to represent the combined Anglo-American press in Yugoslavia. These had been chosen by lot and promised an exclusive first interview with Tito. They were now limping through a parachute-commando course. The American correspondent had already broken his ankle. I asked Dedier if his invitation still went. He said he didn't know. The decision of the British to allow other correspondents had changed things. I pointed out that I had permission from a general, but Dedier said he couldn't say anything just then. He advised me to come back the following day.

I came back then and for a week afterward. It seemed to be a losing battle. The Partisans were anxious to have correspondents, but they were a State now, not a guerrilla force, and they had to work on a diplomatic level. This seemed to bother some of them, who were hardly accustomed to working on a diplomatic level, but there was nothing they could do about it. I spent most of my time arguing with Dedier and the other heads of his mission. They were regretful, but adamant. By the end of the week I was ready to give up. I came to lunch and said I would have to abandon the project if there was no further hope. Dedier said that would be a shame. He consulted again with his friends around the table and then shook his head sadly. I made one last pitch, saying that my permission from a general made it highly diplomatic, at least for me. "Wait just a moment," Dedier said. He spoke again to the others. There was a rapid exchange of Serbo-Croat around the table and Dedier turned to me. "Okay," he said. "You leave at six o'clock tomorrow morning."

I don't know what made them change their minds. I think they were tired of getting a run-around, when it was so important to them that the world know what they were doing. It was after all, their

(*Continued on page* 41)

IT'S ALWAYS a little silly trying to introduce yourselves to an unsuspecting public, but when you come to think of it we should have a lot of friends—and enemies—scattered around who remember some of us from not so long ago.

Partly, that's why we're back at the old stand. Partly, we want to eat, too. Mostly, we enjoyed getting out YANK and *Stars and Stripes*—and we figure that what the soldier liked about us during the war he might still like as a veteran and a civilian.

On these pages, you may read short biographies of the men involved in the production of this publication. Everyone of them were enlisted men in the American Army. Many of their names will be familiar to the veterans. We hope that they may become just as familiar to those readers who never happened to see any of the service publications.

What we hope to do in *Salute* is two-fold, and very simple. We hope to inform as well as entertain. What we publish of interest to the veteran, we hope will be of equal interest to the civilian.

We will try to maintain the objectivity of YANK and *Stars and Stripes* by publishing articles on current affairs as we find them. We will take nobody's word for anything. We will try to obtain our own information as honestly and accurately as possible. As was the case during the war, sometimes we may be right, sometimes we may be wrong.

We hope to make you laugh. We'll publish what we consider to be funny stories and funny cartoons. We'll run fiction. We even hope to publish love stories from time to time.

Beyond this, there isn't much to tell about *Salute* that you won't be able to determine for yourselves much better by reading the magazine.

If you like it, we hope you'll write in and tell us so. If you don't like it, we hope you'll write in, too. If there's something you would like to see in the publication that isn't there, we'd like to know that, too.

At least, we don't have to worry about the censor.

Who we are...

DURBIN LEE HORNER
Editorial Director

Losing his hair and getting a little paunchy, "Jack" Horner is top-kick on *Salute*. Formerly, was foreign news and cable editor on YANK before going to the ETO as correspondent early in 1943. Was managing editor of YANK'S British Edition, went to France, set up printing operations in Rennes and Paris. He got the Bronze Star.

DAVID GOLDING
Managing Editor

Was transferred from the aviation engineers to *The Stars and Stripes* in Algiers in February, 1943, where he became managing editor. Covered Tunisia, the Salerno landing, the U. S. and the 5th Army in Italy before returning to Rome. For his work as managing editor of the Mediterranean Edition, he received the Legion of Merit. He is a bald-headed bachelor.

RALPH G. MARTIN

His byline has been before soldier readers probably longer than any other GI reporter. Started with the London *Stars and Stripes* and then moved over to the North African edition. Covered all phases of the Mediterranean campaign. Switched over to YANK in time to witness the battle for Germany. Now with The New Republic.

IRWIN SHAW

This noted playwright and short story writer was a private with the Signal Corps in the Mediterranean, the UK and France. While helping to film the outstanding events of World War II, he also found time to write for YANK and the *Stars and Stripes*. Shaw finally made Warrant Officer, but he never looked good in brass.

JAMES DUGAN

Dugan has had as varied career in the Army as anybody we know. From the medics, he went to public relations with the 8th AAF, to PWB in London, and finally to the British Edition of YANK. Actually an expert on British pubs and American saloons, Dugan fancies himself a cartoonist. That's why he's writing for *Salute*.

DEBS MYERS

Former city editor of the Chicago Sun, became YANK staff writer for New York office after brief barracks life. Was transferred to Continental Edition in Spring of 1945. Wrote some of YANK'S best reporting stories, including Roosevelt funeral, German people. Was one of few YANK reporters who liked officers.

WALTER BERNSTEIN

The first Allied correspondent of World War II to interview Marshal Tito, he has been writing about Tito and the Jugoslav Partisans ever since. Was an infantryman for two years before assigned to YANK staff in magazine's early days. Covered 7th Army in Sicily, 5th Army in Italy, and wrote some of YANK'S best editorials.

WALTER PETERS

Peters won his air medal in the ETO as a gunner on B-17s while covering the air war for YANK. He participated in the raid on Schweinfurt, foot-slogged with the 1st Army in France, came back to the States, and went to the CBI. While there he got one of the few exclusive interviews ever granted by Chiang Kai-shek.

RAY DUNCAN

Rated (by his friends) one of outstanding GI satirists of the war, Duncan was appointed to YANK staff after last-minute reprieve from Camp Davis AAA OCS. Wrote humor pieces for the New York office, transferred to Aleutians, wound up as feature editor. Holds Air Medal for covering air war from Aleutians.

HARRY SIONS
Editor

Joined YANK staff in Fall of 1942 after three months as editor Syracuse Air Base camp paper. Became feature editor, then Mediterranean Edition managing editor. Although he covered British 8th and our 5th Army in Italy, Southern France invasion, he somehow always wound up writing about local Partisans. Got the Bronze Star.

CHARLES BRAND
Art Director

Every outfit has an artist, and Brand is *Salute's* art director. After working in the art department of YANK in New York, absorbing culture, Brand was shipped to England arriving there on Jan. 12, 1943. He was art director of the British Edition until being shipped to France where he was art director of the Continental Edition.

TOM FLANNERY

A YANK cartoonist from the British Edition of YANK, Flannery was rescued from an air-base where he did murals in Red Cross huts and officers clubs. "Rescued" is a mild word. Flannery is a gentle, quiet chap, but with a bad habit of sneering at officers. It was this that got him in trouble, but also landed him on YANK.

MARION HARGROVE

Author of you know what, came to YANK in summer of 1942 after sweating out the Fort Bragg (N.C.) Cooks and Bakers School. Wrote for New York staff until shipped to the CBI edition, returned year later to take over job of feature editor, then transferred in May, 1945, to YANK Manila edition. Is now among other things, lecturing.

HYMAN GOLDBERG

Feature writer for New York newspaper PM before and after Army career, most of which was devoted to writing funny stories for YANK. Was staff writer for New York edition, then transferred to the Philippines. Is *Salute's* expert on the New York scene, especially cops, bums, pretty girls, subways and taxi drivers.

AL HINE

Was picked up for YANK from the engineers in June, 1942. Spent 18 months as managing editor Persian edition. Returned to States to become Foreign Editor, succeeded Joe McCarthy as managing editor during magazine's last few months. Although he is *Salute's* movie critic, Hine doesn't like the movies. But his wife does.

LEN ZINBERG

Novelist and short story writer, was a T-4 in public relations for a 15th Air Force bomb group in Italy when he was transferred to Mediterranean Edition of YANK. The Air Force awarded Zinbeg the Bronze Star because, among other reasons, he reflected credit on the Service by selling stories to The New Yorker Magazine.

RALPH STEIN

There is no more venerable alumnus of YANK than Ralph Stein. He worked on the original dummy which was to serve as the model of the magazine for the duration. Fortunately, or unfortunately, the Army never quite figured out Stein's status. He complained of a buzzing in the head; he could hear it, but the Army couldn't.

HILARY H. LYONS

Worked for both *The Stars and Stripes* as managing editor of the North African and Italian editions, and for YANK as home news editor. Before the war, he was managing editor of The New Republic and on the staff of The New York Times. He is one of the more educated guys we have and he'll probably be writing about books for *Salute*.

JIMMY CANNON

Cannon is remembered for his early work in the Army as the GI reporter from Fort Dix. He turned up later in the ETO as a feature writer for *Stars and Stripes*. Now a sports columnist for the New York Post, Cannon is best remembered by his colleagues in England for his dexterity in ducking the buzz-bombs.

MAX NOVACK

As legal advisor to YANK's commanding officer and editor of the What's Your Problem? feature of the magazine, he probably wrote more letters and answered more letters than anyone in the Army. He'll be doing more of the same as editor of *Salute's* Problems Department. Novack is also our expert on veteran affairs.

DEWITT GILPIN

Gilpin was a combat platoon sergeant with the 35th Division in Europe. After submitting some articles to the Continental Edition of YANK, he was picked up by the service publication and continued writing there until he was demobilized. He was one of the first correspondents to cover the liberation of the Channel Islands.

BILL DAVIDSON

The author of "Dr. Betty," in this issue, was an ace writer on YANK Magazine almost from its inception. Arriving in the ETO sometime in the summer of 1943, he was one of the most prolific of the foreign correspondents. He covered the D-Day invasion from the air, and was an accredited correspondent with the 9th Air Force.

JACK FOISIE

Combat correspondent for *The Stars and Stripes* in the Mediterranean Theater who received a Legion of Merit for his coverage of the Sicilian campaign. Was with a tank destroyer outfit during the Tunisian campaign. Followed the 5th Army from Salerno to the Austrian border. He's now back with The San Francisco Chronicle.

BILL HOGAN

Joined *The Stars and Stripes* in Algiers after serving with the 1st Armored throughout the entire Tunisian campaign. Soon became news editor. Left Algiers to work on the editions in Palermo and Naples. Then went to Rome as news editor. In the Spring of 1945, he was assigned to cover the UNO conference in San Francisco.

GEORGE 'SLIM' AARONS

Better known as Slim, was staff photographer at West Point before joining YANK in July, '42. Covered war in pictures with British 8th Army in North Africa, our 5th Army in Italy, 7th Army invasion Southern France. Has Purple Heart, seven battle stars. Is *Salute's* West Coast photographer and expert on beautiful women.

"THIS IS OUR GHOST ROOM."

— Charles Pearson

"I HAVE A GENTLEMAN, DOCTOR!"

— Joseph Peterka

"AND DON'T FORGET, HUNTLEY, WE CAN GET A SPLIT ATOM TO REPLACE YOU!"

— Ernest Maxwell

— Jim Weeks

"WE RECOMMEND THIS FOR THE KIND THAT PLAY HARD TO GET."

— Irwin Caplan

Excelsior Hotel

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33)

band is playing downstairs, and there're girls all over the hotel. Something like a Hollywood musical, only these are real girls, pretty, lush Italian girls. Only how would the movies show that these girls are in the hotel because it means food to them? Have to explain it very clearly, why they didn't even step outside the hotel for over a month.

Our hero meets two girls in the hallway. Parks their bags in his room. He takes them down to eat, then to dance and have a couple of drinks. Then he goes to bed with both of them. Some hero. Two girls, once with three —all of us stewed to the gills. Charlie the Romeo . . . and Libbie was the first girl I ever had, and only after we were married.

The next scene is a beauty—real drama. Our hero wakes up in the middle of the night, two nude women beside him. He's sweating like hell, he's frightened, shocked, want to pray, to cry. But he doesn't pray or cry. A plane flies overhead, he stiffens for a second, remembers that in another few hours he'll be back in the line, in the mud. Maybe he'll be dead. Our boy looks at the girls, they're pretty. One of them wakes, kisses him, covers him with her soft body. That's the end of his praying.

If the movies want to show what war is really like let them show the Excelsior Hotel. That was the biggest thing in the war for me, and for a hell of a lot of other guys. If you're lucky, you return to Rome on other leaves, look forward to the girls. Libbie becomes somebody who gets an allotment check, somebody who sends you dull, correct letters—about another world. Tubby is merely a picture of a curly-haired baby. A picture I showed, when I was on a sentimental drunk.

I was some boy. I found Excelsior Hotels in Florence, Leghorn, Genoa. I always found them. Never as good as that first time in Rome, but still plenty of girls and drinks. Christ, I bet I've slept with every tramp in Italy. And who am I to call them tramps? People ask us soldiers what war was like. They ought to ask those girls. They can tell Hollywood what war is like, better than anyone else can. Even when they're old women, they'll still be able to tell you what war is like.

And all the time a guy says, tomorrow I may get it, what the hell, let me take what I can. When the fighting is over they give you a rear echelon job. Those apartments in Leghorn, Naples, Bari, Bologna. The girls living there—meant food, clothes, and a bath for those poor dames. No movie ever showed how much a bath means in war.

No movie ever showed the hero turning down a chance to go home. He wants to stay in Italy, living in a way I would have thought mad five years ago. Living like an ancient king. The reasons why you fought the war, all that stuff I once believed, all the fancy slogans, fade into girls and drinking. That wasn't entirely my fault, everything is so screwed up you have to stop caring, or go nuts. What the hell am I thinking about it for?

Now I'm home . . . home is a shy, prim, Libbie. Home is a strange world. I'm not sure of anything. A guy wonders how in hell he will ever get back to the old life, whether you want to or not. That's bunk, I know I have to get back to that old life . . . question is, can I?

So a guy sits with his kid on his lap, thinking, trying not to think, wishing to hell he had stopped a bullet, wishing . . . wishing what?

Charlie turned off the radio, and stood up, Tubby in his arms. He went into the bedroom, kissed the kid as he put him down on the bed. The kid still held on to the ribbons. Charlie took them off, left them in Tubby's hand.

He was standing at the window, looking out at the darkness and bright lights of the city, smoking quickly, when Libbie came in. She put her packages on the hall table, walked softly into the bedroom. "Darling, isn't he beautiful when he sleeps."

"Yeah. Look, I think I'll run down for a pack of butts."

"I brought you two packs," she said, a wise smile on her face. "Really, Charlie, I hate to see you drink. We have so much to be thankful for and now that the war is over and you're home safe . . ."

"All I want is a shot now and then, sort of keeps me . . . why the hell don't you leave me alone?" He walked out of the bedroom, hearing her cry.

For a moment he stood in the hallway, then he picked up the packages and carried them into the kitchen.

Balkan Adventure

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37)

country and they had liberated it by themselves, with practically no outside help. Also, I think that these particular men had been illegal for so long that the idea of smuggling someone into their country finally seemed the natural thing to do. That had been a life's work for many of them; maybe they just wanted to keep their hand in. At any rate I was on a Partisan fishing boat at six the next morning, and I didn't stop until I reached Tito's headquarters in a little valley town in Bosnia. I was put up in a farmhouse on the outskirts of town. The British and American missions were a few miles away.

The British had a rather large mission, which included Major Randolph Churchill, the Prime Minister's son. The Americans had only three weather observers, but they were expecting reinforcements. One of the reinforcements was an OSS colonel whom the Partisans were anxious to see again. He had visited them about eight months before, landed on the Dalmatian coast when it was Partisan-held and had driven to Tito's inland headquarters in a limousine. There he had cloaked himself in great secrecy, warned the Partisans not to tell the British he was around, and told them that the Americans were their friends and would send them supplies. Then he drove back to the coast and sailed off to Italy. That was the last the Partisans had seen either of him or the supplies.

I kept away from the British and Americans as long as I could which was about a week. In that time I had an interview with Tito, who said I should take a trip to the front about eighteen miles away. So one night I went down with some Partisan friends to board a miniature railway that ran up into the mountains. I was climbing into a boxcar when a British major passed. He nodded and smiled at me. I smiled back.

"How are you?" he said, cheerfully.

"Fine," I said. "How are you?"

"Oh, fine," he said. He walked on about ten yards, then stopped. I could sense him figuring something out. I was halfway into the boxcar, when he came dashing back. "Who are you?" he shouted. "Where did you come from? What are you doing here?"

I told him. "Well, this is terrible," he said. "You shouldn't be here at all. This is most irregular." He was very upset and kept fingering his mustache. He said I must go to the American mission at once. He called over one of the Partisans and told him to take me there. "This is most irregular. Most irregular!" he kept repeating. There was nothing I could do, so I went along. My Partisan friends followed, muttering to themselves. One of them nudged me when we got out of sight, and pointed back toward the major. "Aristocrat!" he said scornfully. The Americans were asleep, but we woke them up. There were two enlisted men and a captain. I showed my orders to the captain; he seemed satisfied and said we would go down to the British mission in the morning. I slept that night on the floor of the enlisted men's room. At first they thought I was another OSS man and bitched about how they hadn't received their PX ration in more than three weeks. When they discovered who I was, they thought I was crazy. "You mean you walked into this goddamned place voluntarily?" one of them asked.

The next morning I went down with the captain to see the British. Their mission was in a pleasant house in a hollow. There were several British officers in the house and they were quite upset. I thought I would have trouble getting them to believe my story, but they believed it right away. That was the trouble. Everything would have been all right if I had been a spy, since it is a spy's business to sneak in and out of countries. It was quite another thing to have an ordinary enlisted man doing it. I was taken to see Major Churchill, who proved very sympathetic. He thought the whole business was a great horse on Allied Force headquarters in Algiers, who were finally sending in the two correspondents. He did say, though, that I wasn't to write anything until he had cabled Algiers to ask what they wanted done with me. I could go where I wanted, but I had to be instantly available.

I went back to living with the Partisans. Four days later I was told to report to the British mission. I arrived there in the early evening to find Major Churchill and his batman ready to leave. "Algiers wants you out at once," Churchill said. He had a car waiting; we were to drive to a secret airfield and fly to Bari that night. Churchill said he thought the two correspondents were arriving on the plane that would take us out. It took an hour to drive to a little village on the other side of a mountain. We stopped at a house in the middle of the village. Several British soldiers stood outside the house. They were the crew responsible for maintaining the airstrip. Churchill went upstairs to have dinner with their officer and I ate with the crew.

They talked mostly of a coming German offensive, which they suspected was brewing behind the next mountain. They said it was a good thing I was leaving that night; they had been getting daily

If you miss reading "Mail Call" in YANK and the Mediterranean and Pacific editions of *The Stars and Stripes*, or "Blow It Out Your B Bag" from *The Stars and Stripes* in ETO, SALUTE plans to give you a chance to sound off again and this time you'll have to worry even less about the brass. In the next issue, and thereafter, we will have as a regular feature a "Letters to the Editor" department. All letters should be brief and carry the writer's full name and address. Naturally, serial numbers will not be necessary. Names will be withheld only upon specific request. Anonymous letters will not be accepted. Address all letters to:

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR DEPARTMENT, SALUTE
19 Park Place, New York 7, New York

morning visits from the Luftwaffe, which was hitting closer each time. We drove out to the field at ten o'clock. It was simply a cleared-off meadow with rows of storm lanterns to mark a runway. The night was cold and we stood around shivering until Major Churchill produced a canteen full of *slivovitz*. The plane was due at eleven, but didn't come until one. By that time we were all feeling much warmer.

Our plane was an American transport with Russian insignia and a Russian crew. It was followed closely by another C-47 with an American crew. The two correspondents were on the second plane. The American correspondent turned out to be the man who had originally introduced me to the Partisans in Cairo. He did not seem especially glad to see me. Major Churchill, his batman and I got on the Russian plane, which was then filled with Partisan wounded. They had been brought to the field in wagons from the front. The whole procedure was quick and efficient; the plane took off within fifteen minutes after landing.

"WHAT BRANCH OF THE SERVICE DID YOU SAY YOU WERE WITH?"

—Simmons

The ride to Bari was uneventful and I even managed to sleep a little. We landed at four in the morning. A sedan with chauffeur was waiting for us. We drove to a villa on the edge of town and went right to sleep. I was awakened at seven by a British soldier, who said there was a car ready to take me into town. The car was the same sedan; inside were two other British soldiers with rifles. They said I was wanted at the British intelligence office. They sat on either side of me and we drove there in silence. It was not a warm day, but I was beginning to feel hot.

When we got to headquarters the two soldiers escorted me upstairs and into a room full of British officers and men working at desks. One of the soldiers stayed with me while the other left the room. I noticed that everyone had stopped work and was looking at me. One lieutenant was nodding thoughtfully. After a while the soldier returned with a British captain. "So you're the one," the captain said, looking me up and down. I said I guessed I was. He said he was taking me to Naples for further disposition. "You've certainly raised a bit of a stink around here, you have," he said. I laughed heartily, but I wasn't fooling anyone. I asked if I could telephone and the captain said yes, so I called Dedier. He was very excited when he heard my voice and immediately asked if I was unharmed. He said the SBS was after me. They had told him the least I could expect was a general court-martial. By the time I hung up the sweat was standing out on my brow like marbles. I knew the Army well enough to know that such a situation calls for a goat, who is usually the lowest ranking man involved. In this situation there was nobody lower than me.

We drove to Naples in a British staff car. The captain was quite pleasant. He said he hadn't taken me first to the SBS because he didn't want to see me terrorized. In Naples he turned me over to the head public relations officer. This gentleman had a telegram that said I was to be sent to Algiers at once for further questioning. Orders were being cut and I was to have a number one priority. Then I really knew that virtue in the Army is its own reward; I used to break my back for even a three priority. The public relations officer said I was going to Algiers without escort, and his tone implied that I'd better get there at once.

I got there all right, reporting to the head public relations officer for the entire Mediterranean, a brigadier general whose writings I remembered vaguely from a magazine called *Boy's Life*. The general wasn't in, but his aide told me to return in a few hours. "He wants to see *you*," the aide said, licking his chops.

I spent those few hours finding out that the American Army had been having a hell of a time explaining to the British Army how a lousy sergeant had gotten into Yugoslavia without having had the privilege of being shot down in aerial combat. The matter had even been the subject of a discussion between General Jacob L. Devers, the American theater commander, General Sir Henry Maitland (Jumbo) Wilson, the British commander, and Robert L. Murphy, the American State Department representative. General Wilson, I was told, had said that I should be unfrocked and Mr. Murphy, with charming inconsistency, had insisted that his government would not stand for political censorship. When I was finally ushered into the PRO, I was ready to settle for ten years, but he was as pleasant as the British captain. He had a stenographer taking down every word I said and an M.P. outside his door, but he indicated that there would be no punishment. He had received a full report from Major Holt in Cairo and he just wanted to see if my report checked with his. Apparently it did. After warning me about just getting any old permission to go places, the general said I could return to Naples and write my stories. He said that they could not be exclusively for YANK and he did not indicate when they would be released, but he said I could go ahead and write them at once.

I went back to Naples and wrote the stories and sent them to Algiers for censorship. They were held in Algiers until the two correspondents in Yugoslavia got out their exclusive Tito interview first. Then they were released. By then the whole censorship farce was breaking up and the authorities were talking of letting other correspondents into the Balkans. I never did find out whether the brigadier general in Cairo was punished, but I didn't worry too much. Nothing very bad can happen to a general in our Army.

What Would The Elevator Man Think?

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25)

movements of floors past the door. Yet never have I been so conscious of scrutiny as when I stand behind an elevator operator on my way to visit a young lady.

And I know, too, that I must answer to him whenever I come down again. If I stay long enough to compromise myself I must face his accusing back. He'll call me "sir" with a show of respect, but the ride will be uncomfortable in the extreme. And when the girl comes down later she'll get the same business.

Most girls never let it go that far. They try to behave in a way that the elevator man will approve. They ask themselves, before they get in too deep, what is he going to think.

My friend Ralph Bloyden turned the tables rather neatly on the elevator operator in a once-proud Riverside Drive apartment. Ralph and his girl approached the operator, who was drowsing on a stool by the elevator door.

"I think that man is drunk," Ralph whispered to her. "He looks unsteady—notice? Does he drink like that all the time?"

"Why no," said the girl, gazing in alarm. "He looks all right to me."

"I know the symptoms," Ralph muttered. "He holds it pretty well though. Notice his bleary eyes. It's really rather dangerous having a man on the elevator in that condition. I'd better see you up."

"Smell that, would you?" Ralph whispered in the car going up. "I don't like leaving you alone in your apartment with him in the building in that condition."

She decided to let Ralph stay a while, careless of what the operator might think, the drunken bum. She carried the thing a little too far, however, when she reported him to the house manager next morning.

"Who, ole Dan?" said the manager. "You must be mistaken, miss. Ole Dan never touches liquor. I'd stake my life on it."

The report got back to old Dan, and he and the other operators made life miserable for her after that. She had to look for another apartment immediately. That was five months ago, and she's still looking, and still riding up and down behind the sober, reproachful back of old Dan. She doesn't see my friend Ralph Bloyden any more.

My own attempts to thwart the operators were no more successful than Ralph's. I had purposely asked for a second-floor room, though I knew street noises would be bad. I planned to walk up and down the stairs to free myself from the elevator men. At that time I had certain romantic projects in mind.

But the stairway entrance was near the ground floor elevators. I made it a practice of walking up and down, even when alone, to convince the elevator men that I really preferred it that way.

"Going up?" they always cried when I approached the stairway door. It took courage to defy them. And when I walked downstairs, instead of riding down, they watched my exit with extreme suspicion. Why, after all, would an honest man walk?

On the one occasion when I coaxed a girl there I seized her arm and steered her toward the stairs.

"Why?" she objected. "Why not the elevator?"

The elevator man had watched this little scene with considerable satisfaction. "Second floor," he gloated. "Watch your step!"

After the girl had sipped one drink she said, "We really must go down now." She hadn't even taken off her hat.

"Relax," I said. "What's your hurry?"

"I don't like the way that elevator man looked at me. I'd rather not give him anything to leer about. Of course it's perfectly innocent here," she continued, laying a friendly hand on my wrist, "but *he* doesn't know that."

"Look," I protested, "we can walk downstairs later. We don't have to worry about him."

"Don't be silly!" she said, coloring deeply. "What would the elevator man think if he saw us *sneaking* down the stairs? We'll go down in the elevator, and right now. Coming?"

In the same hotel a friend of mine, Milton Latterly, attempted a romance with a girl on the 12th floor. When calling on her he got out at the ninth and walked up the last three flights. She insisted on this ruse to fool the elevator operator. Whenever Milton left her room at a suspicious hour he had to walk down and get aboard at the ninth floor again.

"I felt like a fool," Milton told me. "The elevator man always smiled when he saw me. He knew what I was doing. The next time I saw her I walked all twelve floors, up and down, just to avoid him. After that I lost track of her."

And thus, once again, the moral standards of an elevator operator trampled and triumphed over individual liberty.

It isn't only in romantic matters that the operators have taken over.

Everyone has at least one friend who hides his *PM* inside the *Times* so the elevator man won't see. In the best apartment houses the elevator men aren't much concerned with sexual irregularity. If you're rich enough those things don't matter. What matters there are the basic class distinctions. I never yet have visited my rich friend without the uneasy feeling that his elevator man knew I didn't belong. He was gracious about it but he kept me at a distance. He never accepted me as an equal.

Not all elevator operators are prudes, I admit. I knew one who disappeared suddenly, leaving his elevator car empty and the door standing open on the fifteenth floor of the building where he worked. He himself turned up three days later, on the tenth floor, where he'd been visiting a widow.

"I left the car on the fifteenth floor," he explained wearily, "to fool everyone. I walked down to her place."

The man was fired of course. Everyone in the building was deeply shocked, especially since it was an elevator man who had strayed. Who could you trust any more?

"I thought it was strange," the relief operator said, "that she kept ordering all those sandwiches sent up."

Elevator men are just like anybody else. They don't change, fundamentally, just because they happen to wear a uniform. They have a job to do, as we used to say in the Army, and by God they're going to do it.

Probably it's a necessary evil. In the Middle West, for instance, with few tall buildings and therefore few elevator operators, people have resorted to all sorts of awkward devices in order to preserve public virtue.

In Manhattan, too, when an elevator strike threatened to spread from business to apartment buildings, public officials were very much alarmed. They *must* keep apartment operators at their posts. Otherwise there might be a moral letdown that could become an orgy in no time. You can't legislate morals, but in America at least you can control them by controlling transportation.

I never will forget that agonizing night when the elevator moral code stood me in good stead. I had become acquainted with a mature woman, rather attractive in the dim light of a cocktail bar, and she invited me up to her apartment.

"What floor, please?" said the elevator operator, a tall, stooped man in a black uniform. He somehow managed to give the question a vicious little twist.

"Ten," she replied, lowering her eyes. I stood there feeling like a fool during the silence which followed. I followed her down the corridor. He waited an unnecessarily long time before he shut the door and descended.

"You really should go," she said after one drink. "I'd love to have you stay but—"

"Let's have just one more of these, may we?" I stalled. "We've been talking about me. Tell me about yourself."

"Oh no, really," she said hastily. "What will the elevator man think—"

At that moment the elevator stopped down the hall. We heard the door slide open and close again. An instant later there was a knock on our door.

"That must be Mack!" she whispered, turning white. "My fiance—I meant to tell you. Please don't make him angry, he's a big man, works in the shipyards. I thought he was working tonight."

Mack's huge jaw dropped four inches when he saw me. He was wearing a small gold pin in his lapel, but it wasn't a discharge emblem. A variety of small gold lapel pins are being worn these days.

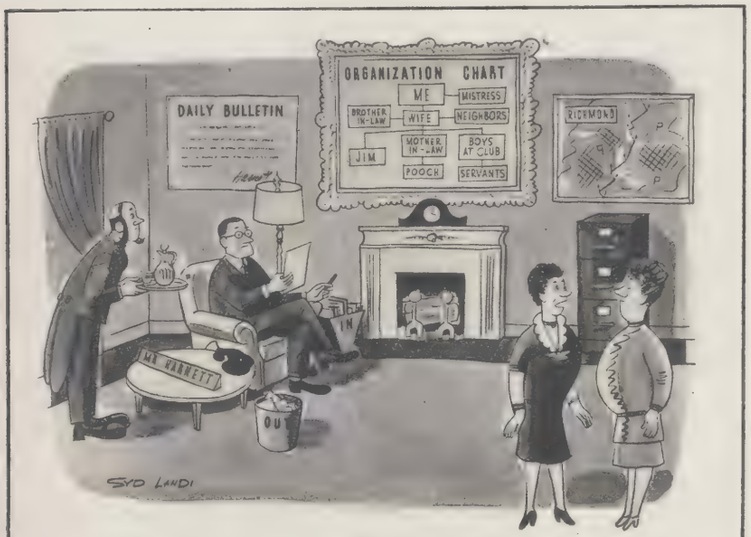
"Who's this?" he yelled. "Is this the guy that's been coming here while I been workin' nights? Thought I didn't know, huh?"

"First time I been here in my life," I gulped. He drew a black bone-handled knife from his hip pocket and flipped it open with his thumb.

"I'm gonna cut you," he whispered, advancing toward me. "I'm gonna rip you open! An' then I'm gonna take the pieces down and dump them in the river!" He held me by the throat against the wall.

"Wait, please, wait!" was all I could mumble. Then I thought of something that made him loosen his grip for a moment, that brought confusion into his little black eyes and allowed me to twist myself free and escape.

"You can't take my body down to the river!" I cried. "What would the elevator man think?"



"JOHN HASN'T BEEN ABLE TO READJUST HIMSELF."
—Syd Landi

"TWO PORK CHOPS AND A POUND OF BLUBBER FOR THE LITTLE WOMAN."
—Brandt

The City That Ducked

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31)

New York and huddled into little colonies around the country. Two of these were called New New York. Five million New Yorkers took to the woods.

The B.A.D. project took five years to complete. The State of New York and the U. S. Treasury were obliged to float repeated loans to pay off the contractors after the city went broke. Anti-New York feeling rose high among taxpayers out in the Middle West, where people felt secure in their cyclone cellars.

The end of the herculanean digging was to be celebrated by a test Atalert, in which the skyscrapers would be lowered for the first time. The day picked was the fifth anniversary of the first atomic bomb explosion in Japan. The siren was to be sounded by an atomic impulse of piffling proportions set off in Hiroshima by Arthur MacArthur, the Young Emperor of Manchuria, under the proud eye of his parent, the Old Emperor of Japan. *Tokio Asahi*, commenting on the strange event in New York, suggested that the Japanese send an expedition under Commodore Perryaki to open up the inscrutable Occident.

The last days before the test were hectic ones for Blackstone. At last, pruned of their ganglia of telephone and electric cables, their gas, water, sewer, and heat pipes stopped off, the majestic empty buildings stood ready for their colossal curtsey to infinite matter. There they stood, adapted to the atomic age—the Empire State, the Chrysler (1046 feet), 60 Wall (950), the Bank of Manhattan (927), the RCA (850), the Woolworth (792—and still the sixth highest), the Metropolitan Life (700), 500 Fifth Avenue (697), the City Bank—Farmers Trust (686), the Chanin (680), the Lincoln (673) and down to and including the Navarre (513) and the Consolidated Gas (474).

A hushed world awaited the plunge. Halfway up the steel structure of the Palace of Soviets in Moscow the construction men listened on the radio. Atop Salisbury Cathedral, tallest building in the British Empire (404 feet), BBC special events interviewed the sexton. The French did nothing particular about the event as the U. S. Army had not yet given the Eiffel Tower (985 feet) back to them. In Berlin there was no unusual interest. The problem of hiding tall buildings was purely academic to them.

In New York stupendous crowds had gathered early at good vantage points to see the skyscrapers duck. On the Jersey Palisades, the police department estimated there were 856,000 people, and another 564,000 on the Brooklyn waterfront. Great masses of people had chosen Governor's Island and Staten Island to watch Wall Street collapse.

B.A.D.-Day was clear and sunshiny. Blackstone and a group of civic dignitaries and celebrities hovered over the city in a Supercopter to observe the test. As the appointed second came near Blackstone fixed his red-rimmed eyes on the spire of the Empire State. He held a stopwatch, ready to clock the descent of the world's tallest

building, to verify the accuracy of his old prediction that it would sink in 58 seconds.

The siren came.

A shuddering impulse, not yet a sound, tremored throughout the great city, and imperceptibly became sound. The buildings squealed as the tubular screws contracted. Then the squeals became the counter-point of an awesome cosmic roar as the skyline of New York began to fall. The elephantine flanks of the huge structures reeled by the street levels in the plunge. Fierce conflicting drafts of air rocked Blackstone in the Supercopter, as New York roared.

Blackstone, with his eyes protruding from his face, stared at the falling Empire State. Five seconds. Ten seconds. Fifteen. Twenty. At 29 seconds the fiftieth story of the building crossed the sidewalk, exactly on schedule. Then the Empire State stopped. It jiggled for a moment and became still. The Empire State had stuck halfway down.

The other giants seemed to be behaving correctly. Whenever Blackstone's eye could see they had disappeared, exhuding plumes of dust from their foxholes. The tired old Woolworth went down very slowly. It didn't hit the bottom for one hour and twenty minutes.

Despite police warnings there were many stowaways in the buildings as they plunged. You can no more drop a skyscraper in New York without publicity-seekers than you can prevent them from crossing a newly-dedicated bridge. An unwitting stowaway was one Jack Peters, 29, of Allerton House, who was passing the Waldorf-Astoria (625 feet) during its descent. Peters was picked up bodily by the suction and deposited in bed with a motion picture star in a 34th floor suite. Susan Glantz, of 340 West 57th street, recognized her long lost brother on the sixteenth floor of 60 Wall as the building passed her.

Blackstone landed and rushed from his aircraft in a police caravan to survey the results of B.A.D. At the Empire State, still stuck halfway down, he saw a small boy who had stepped from the street on to the ledge of the 51st story. The boy was yelling to his mother, "Look, mom! Am I up high!"

"Come back here, Harold," the mother shouted. At that moment the building began to squeal again. Blackstone held on to a lamp post as the Empire State plunged the rest of the way, carrying the terrified youngster 600 feet into the earth. The boy was rescued unhurt by a police emergency squad, which furnished some amusement to the bystanders in trying to get its ladders down into the ground.

The next day, surrounded by huge crowds, who were trying to chalk their names on the pinnacles of the skyscrapers, the slower work of raising the buildings began.

Then a terrible thing was discovered. The skyscrapers would not come up out of their holes. Screw as they would with monster engines and hoists, the buildings would not budge. Blackstone's calculations were wrong. The agitated engineer concentrated all the work on the lightest building of the forty—the RKO building in Rockefeller Center (409 feet)—to discover the bugs. After three months of prodigious labors the RKO was jacked back up only three storys. Experiments on the others were fruitless.

Blackstone frantically appealed to Washington for funds to build new machines. But the country's patience was at an end. In a few months a wit chalked on the wall of the RKO — "World's Lowest Skyscraper." The city at last realized the worst. The skyscrapers were under to stay. With characteristic sang froid New Yorkers took to throwing old newspapers and the ends of hot dog rolls into the tops of the skyscrapers. A man opened a parking lot on top of the Time & Life building (490 feet deep).

"I'll buy it if you add a couple more storys to it," said a man passing the Singer building (formerly 612 feet).

Attempts by heavy-hearted citizens to glamorize the buried masonry as "The Wonderground City" came to nothing. Last year the World Almanac people advised a man in Cleveland, Ohio that he owned the tallest building in the world.

"WELL, SAUNDERS, WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND?"

—Emax

—Jim Weeks

About the Bonus

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13)

pay these bills. It may even seem reasonable to expect that amount of money to cover the family needs. That is, it may seem enough, to those who have never had to balance a family budget.

But let Mrs. A. L. tell you about her family needs and then see if you still think the mustering-out pay will do the trick. Mrs. A. L., whose husband had been overseas for three years, has been juggling her budget ever since his discharge three months ago. Here is her story:

"When my husband got home we spent the first few weeks of what we expected to be a second honeymoon looking for a place to live. We were very lucky. We found another family with whom we could swap apartments and it cost us only $45 to move our furniture and get some of our things out of storage. Then we tried to get Jim a few shirts, some underwear, some socks, a suit and a coat. When we got through shopping we had spent $155 and we found Jim still needed work clothes. We spent fifty dollars more for a heavy mackinaw, a lumber jacket, two wool shirts and two pairs of pants. That left us fifty dollars of his mustering-out pay.

"Incidentally, they gave him only $100 when he was discharged and sent the other $200 at thirty-day intervals so we had to borrow against the checks—luckily my dad could spare the money so we did not have to go to a loan company and pay any interest, but that still left us with things like Jim's civilian insurance to pay off and the money I had borrowed while he was overseas. Fortunately I had borrowed from friends so that money could wait but we still needed money for the baby's clothes, my clothes, and things like towels, linens and other household articles.

"We just didn't have enough cash so these things had to wait until Jim started work. I estimated that $250 more would have put our family on its feet but we didn't have it. When Jim went back to work I discovered that his take-home pay just covered our weekly expenses and left nothing for those other things we needed. Now, three months later we are no better off and the baby and I are staying indoors as much as we can because our clothes are so shabby.

"Anyone who tells you how much a veteran can do on his mustering-out pay just hasn't ever had to run a household or stall off a bill collector. The $300 is just a drop in the bucket for any married man."

If you still have any doubts about how generous America has been to its veterans, then take a look at an analysis of veterans' benefits by elder-statesman, Bernard M. Baruch. His report shows that our mustering-out payments are not nearly as liberal as those of other countries. As a matter of fact, in most other countries length of service and dependency are important factors in determining such payments.

Mr. Baruch's comparison of mustering-out pay shows that a private with three years' service, two of them overseas, receives the following amounts in the countries indicated:

Country	Single	Married with One Child
Canada	$611	$711
New Zealand	586	640
Great Britain	383	472
Australia	375	395
South Africa	336	336
United States	300	300

The same report also notes that all of the other countries also provide their veterans with an allowance for civilian clothing. The

United States alone has no allowance for civilian clothing.

The clothing allowance is of particular importance when it is weighed against present clothing prices, the need for almost an entire new wardrobe by men who have been in service two to four years and the amount of mustering-out pay received. Most veterans have found that the cost of their first set of civilian clothes just about wipes out their mustering-out pay. A few lucky ones have found that they had enough left over to pay for a week's vacation.

Much has been said about how generous the United States has already been to the veterans of World War II through legislation like the GI Bill of Rights and the Mustering-Out Pay Law. There has, in fact, been a tendency to laud such legislation to such a degree that many veterans have been misled into believing the GI Bill of Rights is their Magna Carta.

Experience has shown, however, that the GI Bill of Rights, while it is sound legislation and will help many veterans, is not nearly all that the veteran has been led to believe or expect. Too many have been led to expect great wonders from the law. Most will be greatly disappointed.

Only the younger veterans, those of school age who have no dependents, can hope to obtain any real benefit from the educational provisions of the GI Bill. Others may derive some financial aid from the unemployment compensation of twenty dollars a week for up to a full year. Not many can hope to gain much from the loan clauses since only those who are in a position to meet banking standards can receive help via a GI Bill loan. For others, the law holds only a nice sounding title, "The GI Bill of Rights." As one veteran put it, "Right to do what?"

In view of the inadequacies of these laws, veterans will have to turn to a bonus as the only other way of attaining the status of full-time citizens. No veteran can hope to buy the things that he and his family need without some sort of financial help from the government. A bonus which provides each veteran with sufficient cash to meet immediate needs would do much toward restoring the ex-GI to full citizenship. It would give him an opportunity to buy the things he and his family *must* have without plunging further into debt.

There are those, of course, who will oppose any cash payments to veterans for reasons of their own. A few will be persons sincerely afraid of the impact of a bonus upon our national economy costing billions. Others with more sinister motives will tell the veteran that he is "entitled" to a bonus, that he should be "rewarded" for his service to his country, that those "who stayed at home made large salaries and fat war profits," and that he, the veteran, must get a bundle of dough to put him on an equal footing with "war workers." This, of course, is the sheerest type of bunk.

The proposed program as outlined on page 13 would provide World War II veterans with payments equal to those of the veterans of the first World War. And, most important of all, the payments would be made immediately upon passage of the law when they are really needed and not years later under the pressure of a large-scale lobby.

No veteran would receive anything as fantastic as the $4,500 provided for in the inflationary bills previously discussed. The dollar-a-day program would cost the government just $1,277.50 for a veteran with three years of service, two of which were spent overseas. Most veterans would receive between $800 and $1,000. These amounts can hardly be said to be so excessive as to bring the nation to the point of inflation.

That both houses of Congress, the old-line veterans' organizations and even the President will support a bonus for World War II service is a foregone conclusion. All have in some way gone on record in favor of bonus payments. Add to this the fact that 1946 is an election year for the 435 members of the House and thirty-two members of the Senate, and you have the basis upon which bonus pressure can operate with ease.

Only a well-planned bonus program can save the veterans and the nation from being used as pawns by selfish interests. It is up to both the veteran and the non-veteran to see to it that only a sound bonus program is put before Congress for final action. To do less, is to sell our Democracy short.

Bread and Butter Front

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30)

director's interpretation of the law which guarantees the veteran's right to his old job. And the veteran is to get his old job, or one of equal status and pay, General Hershey says, "even though such reinstatement necessitates the discharge of a non-veteran with greater seniority."

Hershey's position on super-seniority was warmly received in many a GI bull session from Fort Dix to Berlin and across to Tokyo. "Wasn't it right," combat men asked, "that we guys who took the dirty end of this war get preference?"

I found a soldier in a bar in Washington within mortar range of the AFL, CIO and United Mine Workers headquarters with similar ideas. His name was George, he was from the 45th Infantry Division, and he said he was going back to work at Kelsey-Hayes Wheel in Detroit. "Just forget the last name," he added, "because the local's flying squad might not like it. But I want to know which is tougher—a civilian losing his job or a veteran? When I was sent out on a patrol there wasn't anybody coming up and telling me that I couldn't go because somebody else wanted the job. No, that was a job nobody wanted. Dammit, we got some rights."

One combat soldier, however, who does not believe in "super-seniority" is Joseph Velosky, a former First Infantry Division rifleman and now co-chairman of the veterans committee of the United Automobile Workers. Velosky pointed out to me in Detroit that the General Motors Corporation has approximately 50,000 employees who entered the armed forces. Using an extreme—but not impossible—situation, Velosky interprets the Hershey ruling to mean that should GM's employment ever sink to the level of the 1931 depression days,

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"ALL RIGHT, WHERE'S THE FIRE?"
—Touster

the only workers left on the job would be returned veterans. In the process of taking the jobs of other workers, the veterans would displace World War I veterans, the wives, widows and brothers of men killed in service, and older workers who had invested the best years of their lives in their jobs.

"In other words," said Velosky, "we veterans would be set up like the SS muggs in Germany who got what there was to get, and to hell with the rest of the people."

Practically every union leader insists that the Hershey ruling pits the veteran against the union worker in order to destroy the seniority system on which all unions are built. Inasmuch as the law only protects the returned veteran's job for one year, the unions point out that the ex-servicemen themselves would eventually have no seniority protection if super-seniority should wreck existing seniority systems.

What are the unions' own proposals on seniority? They propose to write into all contracts as a permanent proposition that provision of the Selective Service law that says that veterans shall have the time spent in the service added to their accumulated seniority. In addition, most CIO and AFL unions are negotiating contracts in which disabled veterans are reemployed on a permanent status regardless of seniority. Another provision that many unions are writing into contracts, whenever the companies agree, gives new employees, if they are veterans, the amount of seniority that they have time in the services.

Some of the severest critics of labor's approach to the veterans are good union members who arrive back in their locals after years of service in Army units where anti-union views had prevailed. These critics agree with labor's emphasis on higher pay and full employment, but ask why more hasn't been done to get such things for veterans as higher mustering out pay, houses to live in, clothing allowance, etc.

One reason for the unions' lack of veteran consciousness, say critics from within, is the fact that veterans' welfare in both the AFL and CIO is the responsibility of two men who aren't veterans. The AFL's top man is Matthew Woll, the only labor leader who affects a winged collar, and Clinton Golden, an elder statesman in the CIO's United Steel Workers.

Labor's answer to its card-carrying critics was summed up for me by Eugene Raleigh, a former aerial gunner in the Fifteenth Air Force in Italy.

"Of course we're not doing enough," said Raleigh, who is back on his job as an organizer for the UE in Chicago. "But who is doing more? We've had our wage fight. Everyone is interested in that, not just veterans. All the other unions are in the same position. And the corporations are making it as hot as the Ploesti oil fields. At the same time the unions are being hit on the flank by lots of anti-labor bills in Congress."

Both William Green and Philip Murray are continually reiterating to the veteran their opposition to the idea that veterans can solve their basic problems themselves. Each of the labor chiefs wants co-operation between his own organization and those of the veterans. But Green indicated his idea of the limitation of a veterans' organization by telling the last convention of the American Legion that, "the basic problems of the Nation's veterans cannot be solved by merely protecting legal rights or even by extended preferential treatment to them."

Said Murray on the same subject: "The veteran can find a satisfactory job or business only if the country is in a continuous state of economic health. There is no such thing as a separate economy for veterans even if such a thing was desirable—and I do not think it is."

Labor's case with the veteran then rests primarily upon the fact that the unions believe that it is possible for the wage earners to enjoy a higher standard of living through the economic gains they can secure by organization. The veterans, labor says, can help boost pay checks if they join hands with the unions. On the other hand, say the union men, the only alternative is for the veterans to plunk for a "super-society" predicated on the premise of super-seniority. Such a brave new world for "veterans only", concludes labor's argument, is an economic snow-job for all concerned.

Doctor Betty

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8)

contribute the gasoline for the truck. Betty asked the company for the use of the truck for a single afternoon. The company refused.

A short time later, Dr. Betty complained to the company that the coal sheds in front of each house were dangerous for the children. The company sent over a truck full of carpenters. Leisurely, the carpenters tore down the coal shed in front of the house next to Dr. Betty's. Then, just as leisurely, they built a new one, a few feet away. "It is our property," Dr. Betty was informed, "and if we want to put up coal sheds in the front yards, we'll put up coal sheds in the front yards."

Last year, Betty found that the company's influence extended beyond the valley, too. There was a suspected typhoid case in town, and Betty immediately inspected the wells. She found twelve of the 21 wells contaminated. She reported this to the State Department of Health. A few days later, a Department of Health sanitation engineer came to Force, looked around and then threw some chlorine into the wells. "What are you raising such a fuss for?" he was quoted as telling Dr. Betty. "Why don't you wait until you have an epidemic?"

Dr. Betty would have resigned then and there, but the war was still on, and she knew how difficult it would be for the miners to get another doctor. The clashes with the company continued. The miners all contributed money for a stone memorial to the 135 valley men in the armed forces. The company contributed cement for the base and use of the company truck. Then, on the very day when some of the GIs from Force were sitting in landing craft off the coast of Normandy ready to go in for the D-Day assault, the company refused to attend the dedication ceremonies. Later, the company refused to pay men going into the service the vacation pay they were entitled to by contract. And last summer, the company suspended its periodic cleaning out of the miners' outhouses. "Do it yourselves — with buckets," the company said, in effect. "We can't afford to waste our equipment."

The Hayes' Irish temper, long held in check, finally exploded. Dr. Betty wrote a letter to the company and resigned. The company came back with a polite request to stay on until July 1st, by which time they thought they could get another doctor. July 1st came and there was no doctor. The miners demanded a meeting with the company to determine what they were going to do about medical care. P. J. McBride, the assistant receiver, Frank D. Lambert, the General Manager, and Dave Bell, the superintendent, agreed to meet with Dr. Betty and the men the next day.

That meeting of July 2nd was the first chance Dr. Betty had to tell anyone off, face to face. And she did. She carefully explained why she could not operate as a doctor in such disgraceful sanitary conditions, and she informed McBride that no other self-respecting physician would, either. She told McBride that the miners had a simple solution to the whole problem. Simply by piping water from Penfield, six miles down the road, Force could have sewers, fresh water and inside bathrooms, for a cost of $25,000, which the miners were willing to pay off in increased rents. Not only that, but the men were willing to install their own plumbing. The company, Dr. Betty informed McBride, had turned down the proposal, even though it would have cost the company nothing. Then, she told McBride, the miners wanted to install the water system at their own expense and the company informed them that if they did so, the workmen employed on the project would be arrested for trespassing.

"I charge the company with deliberate obstructionism," Dr. Betty said. "Why don't you build a fence around the town and call yourself Lord McBride?" Then she added, "This is a tyranny as bad as the colonists were subjected to, and someone ought to throw a Boston Tea Party."

She agreed to stay on for a year, if the sanitary conditions of the town were improved.

McBride mumbled something about discussing the matter with Mr. Dickson, the receiver. Instead of hearing from Mr. Dickson, Dr. Betty heard from the War Manpower Commission on July 14th that her resignation had been accepted by the company.

After that, things happened with

Company owned house and shed (left); privately owned rarity (right).

bewildering rapidity.

On July 16th, the miners walked out, refusing to work in the mines without medical protection. This was not a strike. The local union kept hands off. It was simply a protest of American citizens against impossible living and working conditions. Dr. Betty stayed on to take care of them during the work stoppage.

In the beginning of September, the company announced that it had a new doctor. Forty men of the total 350 who struck, then went back to work. At the end of the second day, however, the miners discovered that the new doctor wasn't even licensed to practice in the state of Pennsylvania. The forty who went back to work walked out again.

By this time, the Pittsburgh newspapers had become very interested in the story. Letters of indignation that such a thing could happen in modern America poured in from all over the country. Among the reporters sent to cover the story was Pulitzer Prize-winner Ray Sprigel of the Pittsburgh Post-Gazette. Sprigel delved into the records and it was he who made the discovery that the company had been a receivership since 1905, which made it the oldest in the country. In McBride's home town, St. Mary's, Pa., the assistant receiver of the company tried to buy up all copies of the Post-Gazette carrying this story.

In early October, Dr. Betty and a committee of the miners sat down and addressed a telegram to President Truman and Attorney General Tom Clark, asking for an investigation of the company receivership. The telegram began: "We, American citizens, residing in the feudal coal towns of Force, Hollywood and Byrnedale, in Elk and Clearfield Counties of Pennsylvania, appeal to you for justice."

The very next day, a telegram came back from the Department of Justice. The reply said, "Investigation will proceed at once." Federal Judge Guy K. Bard of Philadelphia was appointed to head the investigation, and the FBI was ordered to look into the company's books.

Late in October, eleven of the miners' leaders were suddenly drafted by the local Selective Service Board. They reported to Pittsburgh for induction. All were rejected for being over-age and having too many dependents. About the same time, the local War Manpower Commission refused to issue work transfer certificates to any of the miners. And a clerk in the local OPA office told a miner who had come in to apply for a tire for his car, "Go get your tire from Dr. Betty Hayes."

On November 17th, Dr. Betty left her office to rush off on an emergency heart attack case. When she returned, she found Lambert, the general manager of the company, and Bell, the mine superintendent, loading her clothes, her personal belongings and her medical instruments onto a truck. On the door of her office was a sign informing her that trespassers on this company property were liable to a ten dollar fine. "You realize, of course," Dr. Betty said, "that you can't do this according to law." Bell grinned and pointed to Railroad Detective Francis Erich, standing guard at the door. "That's the law around here," he said.

Dr. Betty immediately went to Eddie Blatt, the District Attorney in nearby Ridgeway. Blatt issued warrants for the arrest of Lambert, Bell and Erich. Each was charged with burglary, larceny, forcible entry and detainer, and conspiracy. All were sprung almost at once by the company lawyers. But the damage was done. Newspapers all over the country screamed the story. The miners' committee—Bill Agosti, Joe Shadick, Frank Winkler, his son Norman, and Tony Coccimiglio—had to call a meeting of the miners and insist that the men keep their guns put away. "Their own stupidity," said Coccimiglio, referring to the company officials, "is doing them more harm than if you used machine guns on them."

The letters of indignation mounted to a flood now. The affair was assuming the proportions of a national disgrace. Dr. Betty moved into Martha and Henry Agosti's home down the street. She used Martha's parlor as a waiting room and Martha's kitchen as her office and operating room. That was the only way she was able to cope with the flu epidemic that broke out in Force around that time.

Suddenly, on November 27th, Federal Judge Bard, who had been appointed by the Department of Justice to investigate the situation, called a hearing in Pittsburgh. Dickson, McBride, Lambert and Bell were ordered to appear for the company. Dr. Betty and the miners' committee were invited to come and state the people's side of the case. The miners dressed up in their best clothes and Betty drove them the 150 miles to Pittsburgh in Old Doc Hayes' car. They couldn't find hotel accomodations in Pittsburgh, so they stayed in the suburb town of Indiana, Pa., overnight. They were nervous and worried. No one slept that night.

The next morning the hearing began. Right at the beginning the judge said, "Mr. Dickson, there's one thing I want to clarify. I received a letter from you in which there was a statement to the effect that you could not obtain a report from the Department of Health on the conditions existing in these communities, because the Department of Health states, 'Somebody would like to get hold of this information.' Is it true that this sentence was in a letter from the Department of Health?" Dickson hesitated embarrassedly.

"Yes, your honor," he said. "It is true."

The courtroom stirred.

Later, it was established that Dickson had been the receiver for twenty-three years—without once filing a report to the Government—at a salary said to be $18,000 per year, plus $300 per month for traveling expenses. McBride, the assistant receiver, got $9,000 a year and expenses. "At those prices," someone muttered, "no wonder they tried to hold on to the receivership." Someone else brought up the fact that despite his $300 traveling expenses, Dickson had never once traveled to Force to try to get the thing straightened out. In fact, Dr. Betty and the miners' committee had never even seen him before. Dickson reddened. "I needed the money," he said, "for my trips to New York and Buffalo."

The star witness of the afternoon was Tony Coccimiglio, who described the living conditions in town. He asked the judge if he could speak in his own language. Then he pictured the houses the miners were forced to live in. "Judge," he said, "You can throw a cat through a crack any place in the house."

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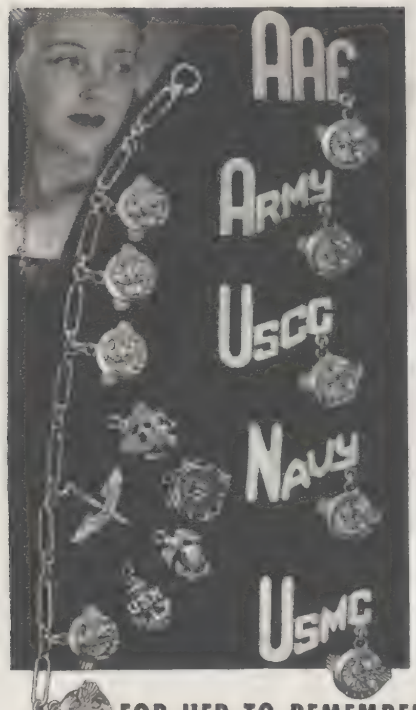

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Toward the end of the hearing, Judge Bard said, "It may interest the people in the courtroom to know that I have visited Force since this trouble began. And I drove through the *back* streets, too."

The hearing ended late in the afternoon.

Betty and the miners drove back to Force. Hardly anyone spoke during the long trip home. They were uncertain and skeptical. They had come up against the power of the company before, and they had no assurance that its influence did not extend to the Federal Government as well.

One of the Pittsburgh newspapermen had promised to phone them as soon as Judge Bard announced his decision the next day, so at two o'clock the following afternoon, the miners gathered in the bar of the ramshackle Force Hotel. Everyone sat around and drank "a shot and a beer"—a Pennsylvania miner's drink—waiting for one short and one long ring which was the hotel's telephone signal on the Valley party line. Some of the miners played poker while they waited. Betty went into the kitchen to help Mrs. Arich, the proprietor's wife, with some sandwiches. The others just talked, nervously, with one ear cocked toward the telephone. It was the deer hunting season and they all wore hunting jackets with their licenses pinned on.

Dr. Vincent Hayes had come up from Philadelphia to be with his sister during the crisis.

"I come up here," he said, "and I haven't got a place to lay my head. Born and raised here for forty years, and not a place to lay my head."

"Why don't you go and ask your neighbor for a bed?" Frank Winkler said. Everyone laughed. The Hayes' neighbor was Bell, the mine superintendent.

Suddenly the phone rang. It was a short and a long.

Bill Agosti jumped to his feet and answered the phone. 'What!" he shouted. "Hold me up, somebody!" he shouted. "Take this down, somebody!" he shouted. "Dickson's out!" he shouted.

I was the only one around with a pencil and paper, so I took it down. Agosti dictated. "Judge Bard removed Dickson as receiver about twenty minutes ago. He named two receivers to replace him. Both are sympathetic to the miners' needs. They are Thomas C. Buchanan of Beaver Falls, former Secretary of State, Department of Forests and Waters and member of the Public Utilities Commission, and Robert C. Stroul, a certified public accountant of Pittsburgh. The new receivers have been instructed to come to Force within a few days to find out how soon the mines can be opened."

The little bar-room became a madhouse. The miners danced and sang and hugged each other. They picked up Dr. Betty and swung her around as if she were a child.

"They'll find $25,000 for that water system now," Tony Coccimiglio said.

"Forty years of tyranny shot to hell," Norman Winkler said.

"We've got them on the move now," Joe Shadick said.

"We'll have that Boston Tea Party now," Frank Winkler said.

Betty started to cry. Vincent was sitting by himself in a corner. "I wish my dad was around," he said.

Bill Agosti looked at them both thoughtfully for a moment. "Old Doc Hayes ain't dead," he said.

China Gropes For Freedom

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23)

government that would have represented all the democratic groups in the country. It is now clear that when the Generalissimo demanded the removal of General Stilwell he was, among other things, shrewdly endeavoring to find out how serious the American government was about insisting on a unified China, and that if the insistence had been real he would have had to accede to the demand.

gave them a free hand in their political reporting, realizing that their keen knowledge of what was taking place, freely and honestly set down, would be of inestimable help to Washington in knowing what was going on in China and thus basing its policies on the facts of the situation.

Mr. Hurley would have none of this. He stopped the independent reporting of his subordinates and

—Pearson

With Roosevelt's reelection and with the Generalissimo's desire to get rid of Stilwell gratified, the stage was set for a real attempt to bring about unity, since Chiang was so delighted by his victory over a man he had come to regard his personal enemy that he seemed willing to compromise. At first Hurley surprised the doubters by acting intelligently. He flew up to Communist Yenan, listened to the leaders there and was so impressed by the reasonableness of their proposals that he gave them his emphatic approval and even brought back the Communist negotiator, Chou En-lai, in the official American plane to confer with the Generalissimo. The evidence is that for the moment, Hurley believed that he had achieved the long-hoped-for Chinese unity and that thus his place in history was assured.

The Generalissimo, though, had other plans. Apparently he felt that since he had bluffed the Americans once, he could do it again. So he rejected the Communist proposals and insisted on American support, and General Hurley, switching quickly, gave way. Not only did he change from support of coalition to insistence on all-out support of the Kuomintang, but he began looking about him suspiciously at the brilliant diplomatic staff that had been built up under his predecessor. Hitherto, one of the great advantages of the American State Department—an advantage it only too rarely used—was that it was well-informed about China. The group of young career men connected with our Chungking embassy spoke Chinese, knew the Chinese people and were intelligently concerned with the problems of the country in which they were stationed. Ambassador Gauss seemed to resent them because they knew so much more about China than he did. At least he proceeded to terrorize and get rid of them, putting in their places men who had as little knowledge of the country as he had. He would listen to no criticism of the Kuomintang. The result was that the State Department had its best sources of information shut off. One year of General Hurley in China, and the chance for a strong, united, democratic China appeared further off than ever; civil war on a great scale was imminent and the United States seemed committed to support a backward oligarchy against all the progressive forces in the country. He didn't help relations with Russia, either, although the Soviet Government has apparently kept out of Chinese internal politics.

Obviously no one can say that the Hurley tenure of office in Chungking has been exactly a triumph. There are many, nevertheless, who believe that, clumsy as he has been about it, it was right and necessary for the General to give the support he has to the Kuomintang. For this they give several reasons, and these deserve to be taken up in order. First, while we should not meddle with the internal affairs of an ally, we are in duty bound to give support to the recognized government of a friendly nation. Second, the Chinese Communists are tools of Moscow, and therefore an anti-national element that is a danger to China. Third, the Chinese Communists, despite their hollow claim that they are not Red revolutionaries, are a subversive force that would destroy the democratic world. Fourth, the Generalissimo could not be expected to deal with a political party that has its own private army and will not put it under the control of the central

government. Fifth, the Kuomintang, although it is not very democratic at the moment, sincerely plans to give China a democracy in time. I think there is an answer to each of these contentions.

There is much to be said for the belief that we should not meddle in Chinese affairs, but the fact remains that we always have meddled in them when we felt that our interests were involved. To indicate that, we have merely to look back at the year 1927, when, odd as it may seem today, the Kuomintang was regarded in the west as a revolutionary mob. It was in great part due to our insistence, together with that of England and France, that Chiang Kai-shek split with his former allies, the Communists and the other left-wing groups in the party, massacred thousands of allegedly radical workers in Shanghai and began a civil war that, save for the brief period of the united front against Japan in 1937-'38, has been going on with varying degrees of violence ever since. Before that 1927 intervention, the Kuomintang had been a party that carried on the democratic traditions of its founder, Sun Yat-sen. Now its leadership has become so reactionary that Dr. Sun himself could hardly belong to it and his widow, one of the real heroines of China, spurns it, although it still has some powerless liberal members.

Parenthetically, it is interesting to note that so many of the newspapers and public figures that insist it is our obligation to support the legally recognized government of China, even with manpower, were remarkably quiet about any need to support the legally constituted government of Republican Spain when it was attacked by international Fascism in 1936. The point, though, is that no one I know of in America proposes that the Chungking government be made powerless to defend itself, as was virtually the case in Republican Spain. It is merely suggested that, instead of helping one side, and a very dubious side at that, in a civil war, we withdraw our military support of that side. And instead of encouraging an international struggle with the resulting possibility of international complications, we use our not inconsiderable moral force to bring about, not a Communist government, but a coalition of all the parties that subscribe to the liberal, democratic principles of Sun Yat-sen in a government that would sincerely strive to set China in the path of unity and progress.

As for the belief that the Chinese Communists are agents of Moscow, that would seem to have been rather effectually destroyed by the way in which the Russians have refused to aid their alleged instruments in Manchuria and have carefully dealt only with the Chungking government, at the risk of striking as powerful a blow at the military power of the Yenan regime as we have by transporting Kuomintang troops to North China. It is to be noted, too, that while the Soviet Government supplied ammunition, airplanes and fliers to the Chinese in the early years of the resistance to Japan, all such aid was to Chungking and not to Yenan. When an American military observer group was sent to Kuomintang-blockaded Chinese Communist territory in 1944, one of its first tasks was to find out just what help was being supplied by Moscow. It was the decision of the group, which was composed of military men of all political points of view or chiefly, no particular political ideas at all, that there was no such help being given at all.

The fact that the only relationship between Moscow and Yenan proved to be a common belief in the social analysis of Karl Marx and the eventual triumph of his principles should have really surprised no one who has followed the course of Chinese and Russian history. The Russians did aid the Chinese Revolution up to 1927, but it was the Kuomintang Party and Chiang Kai-shek that it aided, and when the spilt in the party came, the Russians withdrew. In the struggle between Stalin and Trotsky, one of the issues was China, and with the victory of Stalin the chance of Russian support of a Communist Revolution in China was ended. We may look upon the Chinese Communists as terribly radical fellows, but the Russians think they're pretty mild.

But even if the Chinese Communists are not receiving direct help from Moscow, isn't it true that they are determined on the communization of China? Mao Tze-tung, Chu Teh, Chou En-lai and the rest of the Yenan leaders are frankly believers in the doctrine according to Karl Marx and they believe in the eventual coming of Communism to China as well as to the rest of the world. It is being disingenuous to say that they are really just agrarian democrats at heart, and let it go at that. It is also true, though, that they are realists who know their own country and understand the absurdity of any idea of bringing Communism to such a primitive, feudal and essentially agricultural society as exists today in China. Their vision of a Communist state is of the very distant future, many years after they have been gathered to their ancestors. For the present and for the measurable future they *are* agrarian democrats, concerned with the establishment of a liberal, progressive, democratic government. But they do not want to take over the national government themselves, and even in the territory they dominate they insist on holding no more than one-third of the elective offices in any district. What they want is participation in a government that would include all the democratic elements in the land.

Then there is the matter of the Communist army, which so many people feel should be turned over to the central government before any peace negotiations can succeed. A few matters should be remembered in connection with this. In the first place, the Communists are willing to turn their troops over to the central government, provided they are allowed to participate in that government and receive assurance that they will not be destroyed by any wiles of the ruling Kuomintang clique, as has happened so often in the past to patriotic Chinese armies that were suspected by the party bosses of being dangerous politically. It would be sheer suicide for the Reds to surrender control of their armed forces without making very sure of their safety. In the second place, the armies of Chiang Kai-shek are essentially Kuomintang Party armies and are more political than military or national. In the third place, the Communist troops were recognized by the Kuomintang as part of the national defense when the united front against the Japanese was established in 1937. The united front lasted until after the loss of Hankow in 1938, and while it existed, Communist and Central Government soldiers fought a common battle against the invader. Since then, however, the Kuomintang made every effort to keep the Communists from fighting against the Japanese successfully, attacking their so-called New Fourth Army when it seemed to be having too great success, blockading the areas that had been allotted to the Communists in the northwest by the agreement that had established the united front, and keeping them from getting either arms or medical supplies for their struggle. It didn't make for good feeling among the parties.

(*Continued on page 50*)

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It Must Be The Climate

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17)

apprenticeship in the picture industry. You do not line up at a window and ask for a job. It is dog-eat-dog, and your leads keep prodding you: "Bluff them; they're not buying cheese."

The routine goes something like this: you get an appointment with a story editor at a studio. He immediately asks: "What novels have you published?" You tell him you haven't published any novels, but have done a little picture work, and start to explain. He cuts you off: "How many screen credits?" You answer in the negative, and the glare labels you an untouchable.

Hollywood has to grind out 500 films a year, or hundreds of theaters throughout the country will go dark. They are crying for stories, for story material, for ideas, for synopses, briefs, treatments. There are plenty of good and able screen writers employed right in the studios but whose output is regarded with jaundiced eyes because they earn only low bracket salaries and therefore, according to their employers, can't be very good writers.

Story material is at a premium in Hollywood, but every other writer has at least one "original." An original is a script or treatment, perhaps in unpublished novel form, written directly as a screen story. Agents' offices are loaded with them. Unemployed writers lug them around the streets. Some of the originals are good picture stuff. There's one around town which is as sweet a film script as any producer could want. The writer, an ex-Marine, was stumped by an agent who, when he got a nibble at $15,000, held out for $25,000 and killed the deal. The ex-Marine threw up his hands and went to work on a small weekly newspaper.

The town is loaded with story material and fresh writing talent. It is dangling in front of producers' noses. But if you haven't got a name, or an impressive line of screen credits, or the right leads you'd better leave town before the five day limit is up on the bungalow court, or the demobilization checks stop coming from the separation center finance office.

At drug store counters where employed and unemployed film workers gather in the morning to thumb through (without buying) the trade papers, there is always constant chatter against the "system". On the remnants of Hollywood there are noted gathering places for gripers. They herd in second hand book stalls, in dingy bars where the Spanish decor is flaking and cracked, at entrances to Vine Street hotels. Some groups are composed solely of hangers-on, the flotsam and jetsam of the entertainment business: bad ballet dancers, trumpet players who had bit parts five years ago, minor poets, yogis, actresses who have not yet succumbed to the necessity of car-hopping in drive-ins. And writers.

Hollywood isn't the Boulevard, nor is it Sunset Strip, a few miles west, which houses the Norman-Arabic designed agents' offices and expensive night spots; nor is it a few miles west of that in Beverly Hills, or at Mike Romanoff's brick bar and grill; nor is it the Brown Derby ten miles down Wilshire; nor is it the beach colony, twenty odd miles west again at Malibu; nor is it the horse opera plants fifteen miles over the hills in San Fernando Valley; nor is it the inaccessible mansioned colonies at Bel Air or Topanga Canyon.

Hollywood is a gigantic hoax, geographically. All you know is that when you have appointments at Metro and Warners it's an hour and a half's journey through any number of little towns, each with its palms, women in slacks and fur jackets, and smorgesborg emporia — a collection of hopped-up communities in search of a city.

The whole area is probably the most nerve-wracked string of towns in the States. Your nerves go on edge from battling automobiles, from sweating chow lines at the neon-fringed chicken Bar-B-Q stalls, from running forty miles from one point to another in a town which has no standard of distance, from moving from one bed cell to another every five days, from the winter sub-tropic heat.

And it's option stomach for those who are employed in studios, worrying from one thirteen week period through another. It is just nerve stomach for the unemployed. It is agreeing heartily with the leads who say: "Get out of town before it's too late." It is remembering with nostalgia the lack of complexity of living in a war zone, and the astonishment at the cruel combat for life among the floaters and neophytes here.

It may be sheer coincidence but the happiest people you run across in Hollywood are the midgets who live in the trees.

One night one of them called down from his perch and asked if I would throw up the rope. "Can't stand any more visitors tonight," he squeaked. "Have to be on the set at seven."

China Gropes For Freedom

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49)

Is the Kuomintang really planning to establish a democratic regime in China? Sun Yat-sen's program envisaged a so-called "period of tutelage," during which the Party would teach the people the way of self-government, preliminary to relinquishing its dictatorship. There is intermittent talk and vague planning to this end from time to time and powerless people's political councils meet upon occasion, but it is difficult to see that the Kuomintang has done anything convincing in the way of teaching popular self-rule or of giving up any of its dictatorial privileges. Meanwhile, the Communists have really instructed the people in their areas in the business of local government and have grown increasingly less doctrinaire.

Obviously the picture is a melancholy one. The road to Chinese unity is at best tremendously difficult and even if unity is achieved, it will merely be the beginning of a long struggle toward freedom and democracy. Yet, despite war and misrule, China is even more awake, more alert, more conscious of the national being and the nation's needs, more obviously a nation on the march than she was before 1937. If such an awakening can take place under such conditions, the thought of the progress that could be made under happier auspices is pretty exciting.

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